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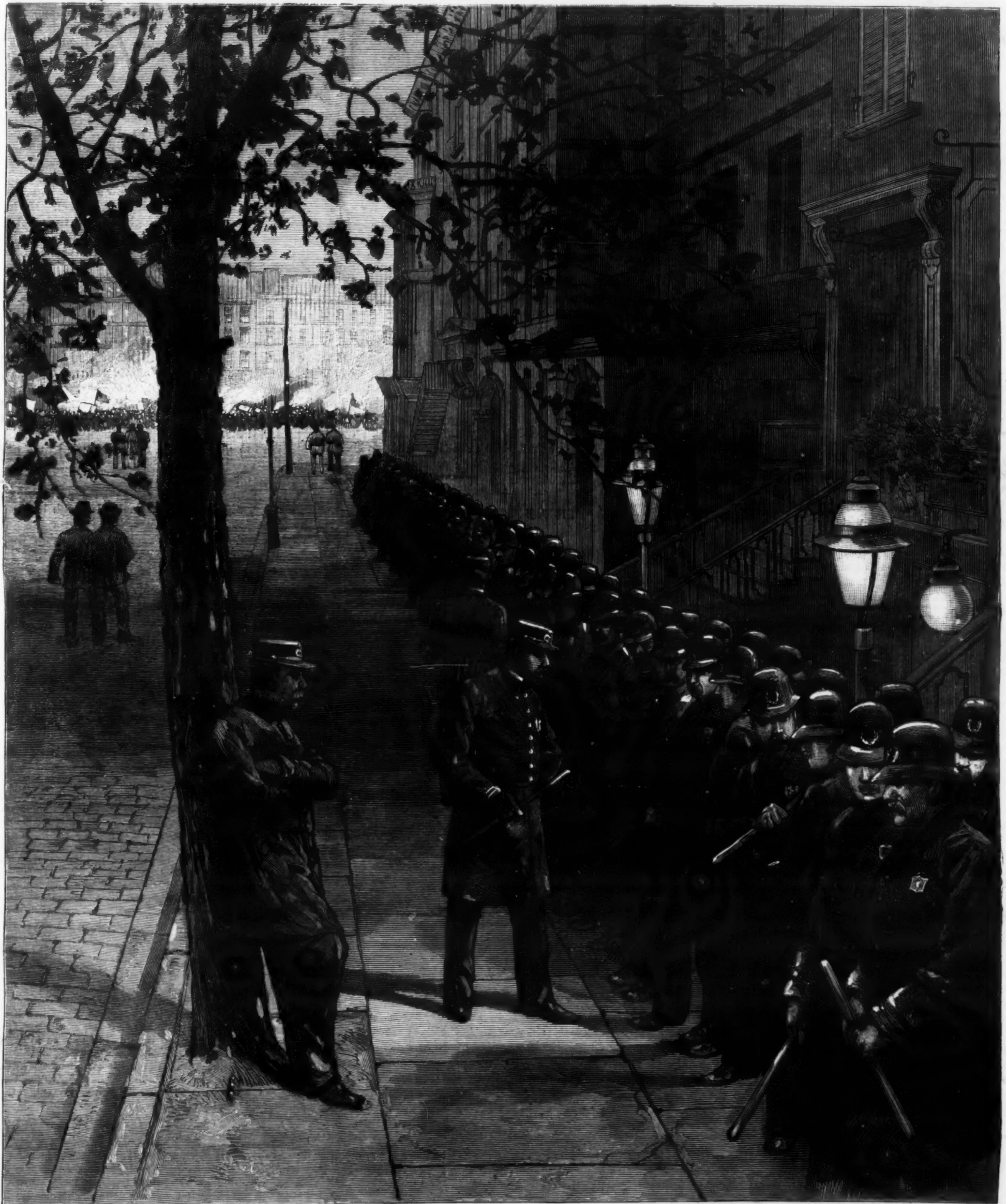
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—DEMONSTRATION OF THE PROGRESSIVE LABOR PARTY AGAINST POLICE INTERFERENCE, HELD ON UNION SQUARE, OCTOBER 17TH—THE POLICE RESERVE IN LINE ON SEVENTEENTH STREET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 166.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THE members of the "Personal Liberty Leagues" in New York and elsewhere, who are practically demanding the secularization of Sunday, fail to realize that personal liberty involves personal responsibility. These leagues doubtless include many citizens of foreign birth who honestly believe that they should be allowed to visit entertainments and to drink beer on Sundays as on week-days. Their idea of Sunday is a day of recreation, rather than a day in any way sacred, and in the case of many of our adopted citizens who sincerely hold this belief the recreation would be harmless. But their responsibility to others and to the State is not to be ignored. If they are to have their glass of beer on Sunday afternoons, others will demand the right to spend a day of idleness in drinking whisky. There can be no special privileges. The example, harmless in itself, set by these citizens, would lead others to carousals and flagrant violations of law and order. Again, there is the responsibility to the State. This is a Christian nation, and it is to be maintained as such. Is it just for those who have sworn to obey its laws and recognize its sovereignty to seek to overthrow "the most important fact and symbol of the Christian religion"? Again, the majority who believe in keeping the Sabbath sacred certainly have some rights. The cry of "personal liberty" is a catching one, but personal responsibility has its claims as well.

If this were simply a movement for wholesome recreation, the formation of "Personal Liberty Leagues" in this State, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, could be viewed at least without alarm, although under any circumstances the sanctity of the Sabbath must be preserved. But these "Leagues" are invariably identified with the liquor interests, which are seeking to swell already enormous gains by securing liberty to sell liquor as freely on Sundays as on week-days. It is stated that in Pennsylvania the agents of liquor organizations canvassed the societies of foreign-born citizens, and induced them to send delegates to central conventions. In Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Alleghany City it is estimated that there are 50,000 saloon and "Personal Liberty" voters. In New York the number of these voters is said to amount already to 75,000. Most of the large brewers and representatives of the traffic in ardent spirits are engaged in furthering this movement. The practical form which it is to take in Pennsylvania will be an attempt to repeal the Sunday and High-license laws. The end aimed at in New York will be the opening of groggeries and beer-gardens alike on Sunday, and undoubtedly the opening of places of amusement as well. In other words this movement means not only the desecration of the Sabbath, but also its transformation into a day to be dreaded as an occasion of lawlessness and the outrages inseparable from idleness and drinking.

Against this proposed change the clergy have not been slow to speak. In Buffalo, Albany and New York clergymen of all denominations have held public meetings and called upon the community to maintain the laws regarding Sunday liquor-selling, and to preserve the Lord's Day as a day of periodic rest. The phrases from the resolutions passed by New York clergymen like Drs. John Hall, Lyman Abbott, W. M. Taylor, and R. J. McArthur, are certainly temperate. The clergy have made no plea for a revival of "blue-law" legislation, nor for any measures which can justly be called fanatical. They stand upon their rights as citizens of a Christian country. At the same time the better portion of the Press, the organ of the Knights of Labor, and even the more respectable liquor-sellers who favor High License and own their own establishments, are being heard from in opposition to the "Personal Liberty" movement. It is clear that we are not yet ready to surrender the American Sunday which we have observed for two centuries and a half. As to the future, Dr. Abbott has well said: "The liberty, progress, prosperity and whole future of this nation lie in the emphatic maintenance and large recognition of Christianity as a part of the institutionalism of the land, and certainly the Sabbath is the very institutional fact above all other institutional facts of the Christian religion. It is not the most important fact, but it is the most important symbol. More important than all creeds and confessions of faith is this one day in seven standing as a witness to eternal truths; and whatever assaults and threatens that, assaults and threatens the very coherence of our common weal."

MORMONISM STILL GROWING.

THAT recent legislation for the suppression of Mormon polygamy has made the road of the "Latter-day Saints" one very hard to be traveled is beyond question; but it may well be doubted if anything has yet been done very seriously to check the growth of the strangest sect of modern times. It has not in its ranks a single man deserving the name of scholar; its apostles, though often of much natural force and shrewdness, are of the coarsest

mold; its disciples, though not by any means necessarily insincere, are exceedingly ignorant and superstitious; and its history is marked by brazen imposture and revolting immorality and crime. And yet in an age boasting its intelligence, refinement, culture and moral elevation, it has had a growth which, for extent, can only be compared to that of early Christianity itself. It not only requires of those who embrace it faith in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, with all the miracles that modern science is disposed to dispute, but it supplements these by a Bible of its own, which it claims to be supernatural, while it assumes to be, in the persons of its apostles, in constant intercourse with the Divine Powers. Its doctrines, in many particulars, are utterly grotesque and irrational. And yet, while thus heavily weighted, it grows without ceasing. It has its missions in Great Britain, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, the Sandwich Islands, and even Palestine, and its converts are flocking to our shores from these and other countries, to place themselves under the control of the hierarchy having its seat at Salt Lake City. Only a few days since a steamer arrived at this port with 278 fresh converts, attended by thirty-three Mormon elders, who were relieved by a board of thirty-five others, who sailed hence for Europe three months ago.

We look upon all this with wonder and amazement, and ask ourselves whereunto it is to grow. But for one single circumstance the question, so far as concerns the Government, would be almost devoid of interest, and might be dismissed from our thoughts without anxiety. But just here is the rub. The growth of Mormonism carries with it not only the theory but the practice of polygamy, and polygamy is a form of immorality which undermines the foundations of the family, and menaces the Republic itself with rottenness and ruin. We must not, cannot, tolerate it. Its advocates are devising a plan by which they hope to bring it under the protection of State sovereignty through the admission of Utah to the Union. There is to be a pretense of yielding the point, but it will be a false pretense, to be abandoned when the work of admission is accomplished. Already politicians on the lookout for Electoral and Congressional votes are showing signs of yielding to this device. Let them be watched. Before Utah is admitted to the Union as a State some way must be found to make it impossible for the Mormon hierarchy to accomplish its purpose. We are not sure but the plan of ex-Congressman J. Randolph Tucker would be as effectual to this end as anything that could be devised. He proposes a Constitutional Amendment, making polygamy a crime in every part of the country, and giving the Courts of the United States power to punish it under the laws of Congress. This is worth thinking of.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

THE fact that over one hundred cases were recently disposed of in a single day in five Chicago divorce courts illustrates a tendency which is becoming everywhere apparent in American society. The American people are not yet fully alive to the serious extent to which family life is undermined by the facility of divorce. Marriage has ceased to be looked upon by many people as a lifelong union, and has come to be regarded as a union between one man and one woman for so long a time only as is mutually agreeable. The woman who said that she got married after knowing her husband only a week, "because, if we do not like each other, we can be divorced," is the exponent of many women and of many men. We have no superstitious worship for marriage as marriage; but we have a regard for marriage as the foundation of the family, and we have a regard for the family as the foundation of all social order and national existence. Therefore, whatever tends to destroy the marriage relation tends to destroy, through the destruction of family life, the life of the whole people. It is not in Chicago alone that this monstrous evil is apparent. Other great cities, both East and West, are suffering from it.

Much might be said as to a remedy for this condition of affairs, but we limit ourselves to two or three suggestions. In the first place, the divorce laws of the different States should be made more strict. Loose laws tend to promote the evil; strict laws, to restrain it. For the simple fact is, that if a man and a woman once married know that they can be easily separated, this knowledge tends to promote dissension and aversion; but if they realize that they are legally tied together, and that they can be separated only for the gravest and most serious reasons, slight and trifling causes for separation are not suffered to have undue weight. Knowing that they must live together, they seek to make the best of their union. And not simply should the divorce laws of the different States be made more strict, but this legal condition would also be aided by the enactment of a national marriage and divorce law. Such a statute would tend to give symmetry to the statutes of the different States.

The American nation is now passing through a period somewhat like that through which the Roman republic passed when divorce was exceedingly common, and when sensual sins were conspicuously rife. In this condition it becomes every citizen to do all he can to stay these perils of the social and politic body. Much, it is true, is being done; societies are formed for the arrest of these evils. A National Divorce Reform Association is doing

most excellent service. The Commission appointed by the last Congress to collect statistics as to divorce in the different States is now at work. The public Press is publishing articles upon this vital subject. All these are favorable signs. We do not assure ourselves, however, that this evil is to be at once stayed; but we are confident that within a decade this flood-tide of divorce, which now is sweeping through the great cities and through many of the country districts, will be, if the agitation of the subject is maintained, in large part arrested.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TOUR.

IT must be gall and wormwood to the Government and to the Conservatives of England to see the enthusiasm and the heartiness that greet Mr. Gladstone at every wayside station, as well as at the great centres of population, along his route. There is no lip-service, no greeting made to order; but in place of these, everywhere an outpouring of public sentiment, with a fullness of admiration and respect, that commands respectful silence on the part of political opponents. The champion of the Irish people is hailed in every English town and village as the man who speaks the honest thought of Englishmen. This is the real significance of his triumphal progress.

Mr. Gladstone may be mistaken in the way he reads history—though his enemies have not succeeded in showing this—but he is not mistaken when he tells the English people that the government of Ireland in defiance of the rights and the will of the Irish people is a crime. He has had the greatness of mind and the manliness to confess that, until lately, he had not known the history of Ireland, nor even suspected how steadfast and how malignant had been the tyranny of England. He has confessed these things to all England; and the most hopeful sign for the future of England and the British Empire is that the people everywhere are with him in his confession and in his unrelenting purpose to right the wrong.

Much has been said by Mr. Gladstone's critics as to the indefiniteness of his Home Rule proposals. In his speech at Nottingham, last week, he disposed effectually of all misrepresentations on this point. He declared emphatically that he would favor any settlement, acceptable to the Irish people, which does not impair the unity of the Empire or neglect the just claims of the minority. "The Imperial Parliament," he said, "must retain ultimate power to avert injustice, but that power must be used magnanimously, and not in the wantonness of tyrannical strength."

There was, a year ago, an ill-concealed tone of exultation in the Conservative papers and their toadies in commenting on the apparent weakness of Mr. Gladstone's health. They lived to be disappointed in their expectations, for, with another year added to the burden borne by those Atlantean shoulders, there have come an added vitality and a fire that no man in the opposing ranks dares to encounter. They have no hope but in Gladstone's death; and Gladstone will outlive them and their schemes. He may die to-morrow; but the cause for which he stands is the undying, indomitable cause that lives not in the breath of the nostrils.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

THREE gentlemen bearing a "Peace Memorial," and representing the English society formed to substitute arbitration for war, have just arrived in New York, their errand being a conference with the President and other authorities at Washington, and the general inculcation of the idea that war is an unnecessary evil. Of the kind of settlement of disputes between civilized nations which these promoters of peace hope to introduce, the Geneva Arbitration is, of course, a conspicuous example. They wish to persuade men to lay aside their savage instincts so far as to submit vexed questions to an impartial tribunal composed of their equals, substituting, in other words, trial by jury for the wager of battle. If people at large could be brought to assume the attitude towards the medieval wager of battle which is held by individuals, resort to arbitration instead of force would become universal among nations. For the adoption of peaceful measures rests upon public opinion. International arbitrators can only act as advisers. They are powerless to enforce their decrees, whose acceptance depends upon the respect for principle and sense of moral obligation of the contestants. Anything which tends to educate public opinion in this direction is to be welcomed, and there is need of such education while individuals who would scout the idea of settling a personal or legal question with pistols and broadswords will collectively demand an appeal to arms in the case of international quarrels.

The bearers of the "Peace Memorial" arrive opportunely at the time when the fishery dispute has reached the stage of personal conference between gentlemen representing this country and England, although, as is well known, our representatives have no authority for binding action. The fact that such negotiations have been entered into helps to teach public opinion to expect a final settlement of this question through arbitration, and we trust that the agents of the Peace Society will strengthen this idea. A war about codfish and mackerel would be humiliating and disgraceful. And yet, while the spirit of Christianity pervading the "Peace Memorial" must commend itself to every Christian people, and while war must be regarded by the thoughtful as a barbarous and illogical expedient, there are certain material arguments which help even more powerfully than the plea of the peace advocates to settle the question, "When is war necessary?" in favor of peace. There is the obvious expense and burden of standing armies which are at present weighing down all the Continental Powers. There is the influence of capital, which on the whole is steadily in favor of peace, and by this we mean not only the large interests which would be directly imperilled by war, but also the influence of the great financiers, without whose consent war on the part of some European nations would be impossible. There is also the deterrent of the present development of high explosives and singularly formidable engines of war. Now that modern science has devised

means for the wholesale destruction of life and property, now that hundreds of men on shipboard can be blown to atoms in an instant and great cities laid in ashes at a distance of five or six miles, war becomes something so horrible and disastrous that there is naturally an increasing hesitation to incur such dire calamities. Krupp guns, torpedoes and dynamite projectiles have their value as peace-makers. Again, the tendency in Europe is towards alliances, as, possibly, one between England, Germany, Italy and Austria, which would be too powerful to allow of war. On the whole, despite the troubled state of European politics, the drift of events may be held to favor the maintenance of peace, but at the same time there is abundant occasion for the proselyting work of the bearers of the "Peace Memorial." International arbitration should be the final tribunal for every nation which has emerged from the savage state.

ASSAULT AND INSULT.

SOME time ago a young woman in Boston was fined one cent, without costs, for having slapped in the face a man who insulted her. The amount of the penalty proves, of course, that the sympathies of the magistrate were on the side of the insulted woman, and not of the assaulted man; but that the penalty was awarded against her, and not against him—that she, not he, was the criminal in the eyes of the law—is a strong reminder of the fact that the legal code of modern civilization is a relic of semi-civilization, and that the spirit of barbarism still lingers amidst the enlightenment of the present day.

A code which guards jealously against all indignities to the person, but which recognizes no offense in an injury to character unless its consequences can be set down in money's worth, is what might have been looked for in an age when a man's person was held sacred, and but small account made of his personality. It is a modern conception of human relations that an irreparable offense against personality, like such a wound to a woman's dignity as the one under consideration, demands punitive, since it does not admit of reparatory, measures, and the notion is but slowly producing an effect upon the laws of civilized countries. Is it too much to say that in the case of an insult to a woman, public opinion, which must ever go before the law, is still somewhat pagan and barbarous? Is it not true that America, which once led the van of civilization in its reverence for womanhood, is drifting back to the lower European standards, so that in this country—which once made its boast that a woman, however young and beautiful, however old and poor, could pass alone from one uttermost limit to the other untouched by look or breath of insult—unprotected women are daily becoming more subject to indignity, especially in our large cities? The presence in our towns of large numbers of foreigners of the lower orders accounts for much of this change, but does it account for all? Are there not many well-born Americans who make no scruple of insulting a woman with their attentions, provided she is evidently of the working classes, and thrown upon herself for defense? Are even women above the ranks of workers entirely safe from insulting looks in public places? So long as the case is thus, it is too much for women to expect that, in the event of their being thrown upon themselves for protection, the law will see in them the offended, not the offenders. While the man who offers the deadliest injury or insult to a woman is not held to have offended against the social code, it is too much to expect that the legal code will be amended to meet the case; and girls known to be modest, respectable and hard-working, though compelled by ignorance and poverty to work in public, must endure insult and indignity unredressed, or, redressing their own wrongs by the only means within their reach, must submit to the shame and grief of arrest and trial. Poor compensation indeed for such an ordeal that their assertion of self-respect is met by only a nominal fine, evidence though it be that the sympathies of the judge are all their own. No sympathy can wash away the stain of the police court, the leering crowd, the newspaper paragraph. To the lowliest and poorest girl who values reputation and character they are the same shame that they would be to the gentlest-bred of women.

The assault is condoned: the insult, that deadliest of assaults, is not even recognized. And brutes walk away from the police court unharmed, to go on offering indignities to women, secure of any interference from the law.

A NEW ROUTE TO JAPAN.

THERE has been more or less discussion of late, among certain large capitalists and the more progressive managers of the great railway systems of the country, in relation to a new route to Japan. There are now two principal transcontinental routes. The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama, by the way of New York and San Francisco, is 11,280 miles. This is known as the Southern Pacific route to China and Japan. The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama, via Quebec and the Canadian Pacific Railway, is 10,047 miles. A line of railway is now under construction through the State of Maine, the purpose of which is to connect Montreal with Halifax by means of the railway system of the Province of New Brunswick. This line, when completed, will reduce the distance from Liverpool to Japan to 9,700 miles. But because of the utter impracticability of bridging the Bay of Fundy, which extends almost as far north as Northumberland Strait, the route to Halifax can never approximate to an air-line route. The distance to Yokohama by the way of Portland, Me., and Portland, Oreg., over either completed lines of railway, or lines to be completed within a few months, is 9,400 miles. This distance can be reduced 200 miles more by the completion of lines of railway already surveyed and partly under construction. It is this new route to Japan, 500 miles shorter than via Halifax, 850 miles shorter than via Quebec, and almost 2,000 miles shorter than via New York and San Francisco, that seems deserving of public discussion.

Portland, Oreg., is somewhat nearer Yokohama than is Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific. This terminus of the Northern Pacific, although over one hundred miles from the sea, admits steamships to its wharves drawing twenty-one feet of water. From this point the Northern Pacific is completed to a point forty-three miles east of Duluth, where connection is made with the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway. This line of road, a large part of which is now in operation, will be completed in a few months, from the Northern Pacific junction to Sault Ste. Marie. From St. Mary's Strait, which is soon to be bridged with a double-track steel and iron bridge, the Canadian Pacific Railway being completed via Ottawa to Montreal, there will be given direct connection to Portland. A new line, called the Ontario Pacific, is under contract to be built from Sault Ste. Marie, or St. Mary's Strait, in a direct line to Prescott, thus giving, by the way of Ogdensburg and St. Albans, a still shorter route to Portland. If it be true that travel and traffic will ultimately seek the shortest route between two commercial or populous points, then it will follow that the route from Portland on the Atlantic, along the south shore of Lake Superior, and over the well-built and well-equipped Northern Pacific to Portland, on the Pacific Ocean, will be the great through route of future transcon-

tinental travel. Portland, Me., is but 2,900 miles from Liverpool, and Portland, Oreg., lies within 4,300 miles of Japan. The distance between the two Portlands, across the continent, is 500 miles shorter, as we have shown, than the distance between any two seaports on each side of the continent that are so favorably situated with reference to Liverpool and Yokohama. As the connection by way of the Northern Pacific and Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic route can manifestly be made the shortest in time, as well as in distance, between the two oceans, nothing seems to remain but to make it the most agreeable to travelers and cheapest to traffic. The establishment of a line of transatlantic steamships at Portland would seem to follow the existence of the necessity for them. The difficulty in establishing such steamship connections will be less, because Portland has long been used as a Winter seaport for Canada, and because it possesses a beautiful and most commodious harbor. New York, it would seem, must decide whether by the way of Utica and Watertown or by the extension of the Delaware and Hudson line of railway from Plattsburg to the St. Lawrence would not give it a shorter route to the great Northwest and Japan over the Northern Pacific than via San Francisco.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

IT is a significant fact that all the Canadian members of the Fisheries Commission, so soon to meet in Washington, are from the maritime Provinces, which, more than other parts of the Dominion, are vitally interested in a speedy solution of this long-standing difficulty. Sir Charles Tupper, one of the ablest of Canadian statesmen, is a native of Nova Scotia, and the present Minister of Finance of Canada. He was Premier of Nova Scotia when that Province entered the Confederation in 1867, and both before and since then has displayed remarkable talent, both as a diplomatist and as a Cabinet Minister. Sir Charles will be accompanied by the Hon. John S. D. Thompson, the Canadian Minister of Justice, another Nova Scotian, who is eminent as a jurist, and was counsel on behalf of the United States Government, acting with the American lawyers, before the Fishery Commission, which met at Halifax under the Washington Treaty. The Hon. George E. Foster, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, a native of New Brunswick, will also be present at the meeting of the Commissioners, and will present the historical side of the fisheries question from the Dominion standpoint. Mr. Foster is well known in the United States as a temperance lecturer, and has held the highest position in connection with temperance organizations both in his own country and in this.

It is stated that Mr. Chamberlain, who will immediately represent Great Britain on the Commission, expressed disappointment that Sir John Macdonald was not to be his colleague. Were he better acquainted with Sir Charles Tupper, he would be more than satisfied with Sir John's substitute, for, with an experience in diplomacy far exceeding that possessed by Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles is just as able a man, and much more schooled in statecraft than the versatile and eloquent member from Birmingham. In appointing all the Canadian members of the Commission from the maritime Provinces, the Dominion Government has displayed sound wisdom. Who so likely to insist upon the fisheries dispute being settled in such a manner as shall not militate against their interests as the representative men from those Provinces? And if, finally, the terms obtained are not what the Provinces want or what they anticipated, they can only blame the Commission in general, or their own representatives in particular, and not the Government of Sir John Macdonald, which they might be disposed to do in this event were he a member of the Fisheries Commission.

The United States Commissioners will be Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State; Mr. Putnam, a Democrat, who has been counsel for this country in the fisheries cases that have arisen during the past two years; and Mr. Angell, a Republican, a jurist, who has had some experience as a diplomatist in negotiating a difficult international treaty.

Those desirous of an uninterrupted good understanding between our own Government and that of Great Britain will earnestly hope that the Commissioners may succeed in disposing of this fishery dispute for good and all. That the conditions of agreement, if such take place, will prove quite satisfactory to everybody, is too much to expect. But sectional interests must give way when they conflict with those that are national.

The Dominion of Canada has a law imposing a tax of \$50 upon certain classes of Chinamen who enter its territory. This tax was recently collected by the customs officer at Niagara Falls of Wong Chin Foo, the distinguished Chinese gentleman and scholar, who was on his way to Canada to deliver several lectures. He entered a protest, but the customs authorities refuse to refund the money. And Canada is a civilized country!

The experience of the present year seems to prove that the stock market is not always the barometer of trade. If it were, we ought, long before this, to have witnessed signs of a general decline in mercantile activity. But no such signs are apparent. Careful inquiry into the condition of various trades proves that general business throughout the country is in a healthy condition, with a prospect of at least as good trade during the coming Winter as there was last year. There is some complaint of the smallness of profits making it necessary to do a larger volume of business in order to secure given returns. But this is the result of gradual changes that are taking place in this country, and not a sign of depression. Whatever may be the causes of the decline in stocks, they do not seem to have reached general business.

The first fruits of the recent consolidation of the Western Union and Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Companies have been an advance in tolls in the offices of the latter. For a long time past the uniform rate between a great number of points has been one cent a word, a rate under which there has been a great increase of business, which has been done, it is believed, with profit to the telegraph company. These rates have been advanced from one to five hundred per cent., and when inquiry was made at one of the principal offices of the Baltimore and Ohio line for a schedule of tolls, the reply was made: "Take the schedule of the Western Union and it will be all right." The telegraph has become as much a public necessity as the mails, and the only condition upon which the people will consent that it shall be a monopoly is that the service shall be satisfactory and the rates cheap. Nothing will hasten the establishment of a Government telegraph like an advance of tolls by the present companies.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, the eminent English electrician, said, recently, that "every one who knows anything about electric lighting understands perfectly that the want of a meter is one of the greatest practical wants in connection with the introduction of central station lighting." Many practical electricians have been trying to

solve this problem, and a number of devices have been invented, none of them entirely satisfactory, all based upon chemical or electro-magnetic action. Professor George Forbes, of England, has devised a new meter in which the amount of electricity used is determined by the amount of heat it evolves. The machine is a simple one, equally adapted to the continuous and alternate opposite current, and practical electricians pronounce it better than any previous meter. When each consumer pays for just what electricity he uses, and those who use their lamps two hours are not charged just as much as those who use them five, electric lighting will be cheaper and more popular.

CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER GREELY, in his annual report, meets the popular demand that has existed for some years for the transfer of the meteorological work of the Signal Service to a civilian department of the Government, by recommending a reorganization of the corps. He suggests the extension of the Civil Service rules over the office in Washington, and the transfer of at least one-half the work now done by enlisted men to civil officers selected by competitive examinations. There is no reason why the Weather Bureau should be a part of the military establishment, unless the army can do the work better and cheaper. The making of meteorological observations and reports was originally assigned to the Signal Service because Congress was unwilling to create a new Government bureau. But the Weather Bureau long ago became one of the most popular of all the Government's functions, and popular opinion will now sustain Congress in making any changes in its organization that look either to greater economy or efficiency. It would probably cost less, and do its work just as well, attached to the Department of the Interior as to the War Department.

If all labor organizations were as wisely officered as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, there would be far fewer collisions between the employer and employé. From the first the Brotherhood has sought to adjust all disputes by wise arbitration rather than by strikes and violence, and while there have been a few cases in which this rule has been violated, the heads of the organization have never sanctioned a departure from it. As a result of its prudent policy, the Brotherhood is to-day in a more prosperous condition than ever before. In his address at the twenty-fourth annual convention in Chicago, last week, Chief Engineer Arthur stated that the Brotherhood has 365 divisions, with 25,000 members, of whom 6,287 are insured under the insurance plan, and during the fiscal year just closed the sum of \$259,500 was paid out to widows and orphans. The Chief Engineer strongly rebukes the anarchical tendencies which mark some labor organizations, and says truly that among sensible men the day for violence and bomb-throwing is past: "Let mercy season justice and justice be tempered with moderation. A wise arbitration looks to a long result rather than to immediate satisfaction, and accomplishes more than intimidation ever can hope to do."

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY seems to have had his way as to nearly every matter of importance considered by the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at its Minneapolis meeting. He was several times violently assailed by his enemies, but he came out victorious in every struggle involving issues of real importance. One of the last acts of the Assembly was the adoption of an Amendment to the Constitution providing that the General Executive Board shall have nothing to do with strikes unless called upon to interfere by the district assemblies or national trades assemblies involved. The red-flag anarchistic element received another setback in the adoption of a resolution, by a vote of 112 to 29, that Knights of Labor in parade shall carry nothing but the State or National colors. An attempt to do away with certain of the temperance features of the Constitution, which refuse membership in the Order to anybody dealing in or deriving profit from the sale of intoxicants, and prohibit assemblies from selling beer at picnics or social gatherings, was overwhelmingly defeated. While harmony has not been restored between the warring elements of the Order, it seems to have passed safely a critical point in its history, and it may yet, if wisely directed, have a useful career.

ONE of the most startling disclosures made in the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor is the fact that ten thousand dollars of the funds of the Order were sent to Maine to prevent the reelection of Representative Reed to Congress, and that other sums were used in other parts of the country, during the last campaign, for political purposes. The excuse is that the candidates whom it was sought to defeat were "enemies of labor." If the Knights of Labor, represented in their General Assembly, see fit to commit the Order to the support of, or opposition to, any party or candidate, they have a perfect right to do so. If a majority of the members do not like it, they will send delegates to the next General Assembly who will adopt a different policy. But when the Executive Board, without instructions from the representatives of the Order, secretly decides that this or that candidate is an "enemy of labor," and uses the money belonging to the members to defeat him, it assumes a dangerous prerogative in which it would be suicidal for the Order to sustain them. The members of the Executive Board have shown themselves to be human, influenced quite as much as other people by whims, prejudices and passions. Even if they were much wiser than they are, the exercise of such a power would be dangerous; as it is, it is positively alarming.

THE costliness of "cheap" building has been forcibly illustrated in the two recent accidents in New York. A false economy caused the destruction of the retort house owned by the Metropolitan branch of the Consolidated Gas Company on Forty-second Street. An old and unsafe style of flat iron rafters was continued in use, and when the settling of the walls pushed these out of place the roof fell upon the workmen. According to expert testimony, the substitution of improved T iron rafters would have prevented all this mangling and maiming and destruction of property. But a far more dreadful example of economy in material and increased cost to human life was furnished in the fall of the Harlem parochial school-building, which caused the death of half a dozen men and the wounding of as many more. After this half-finished building tumbled like a house of cards, we were told that the walls were not thick enough in proportion to their height, and were weakened by numerous perforations, that the floor-beams had insufficient support, and that the mortar was of poor quality. It is not explained why these grave defects were not discovered before by some of the inspectors of buildings maintained by the city. The priest who had the erection of this building must be held responsible for recklessness of the most dangerous kind, since he sought to save money by designing the building himself, refusing to employ a professional architect or builder. His motive was good in itself, but the kind of economy which endangers human life leads to the same terrible results either in the case of a grasping Buddenbrook or of a well-meaning parish priest. Nevertheless, the final responsibility rests upon the Buildings bureau, for Father Kirner must have submitted his plans to this Bureau; and, moreover, this building while going up should have been carefully inspected.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 167.



FRAULEIN IDA TORONYI. (Second Prize).

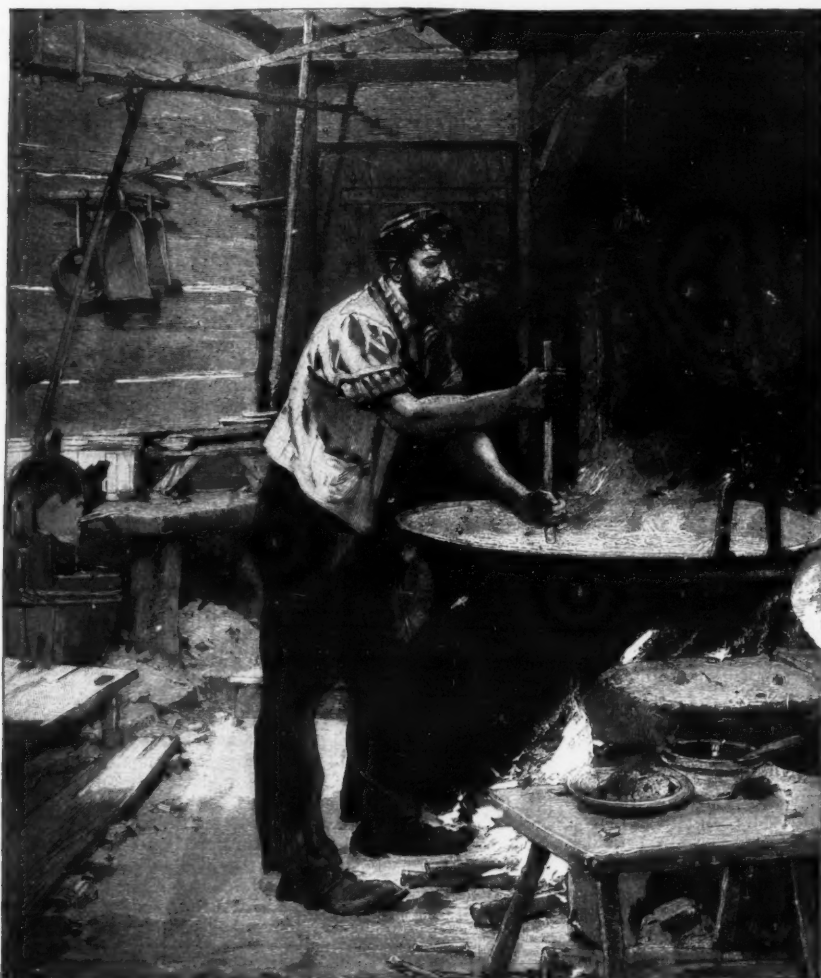


FRAULEIN GISELLA SCHULER. (First Prize).



FRAULEIN MARISA KOLOS. (Third Prize).

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—A BEAUTY COMPETITION AT BUDA-PESTH.



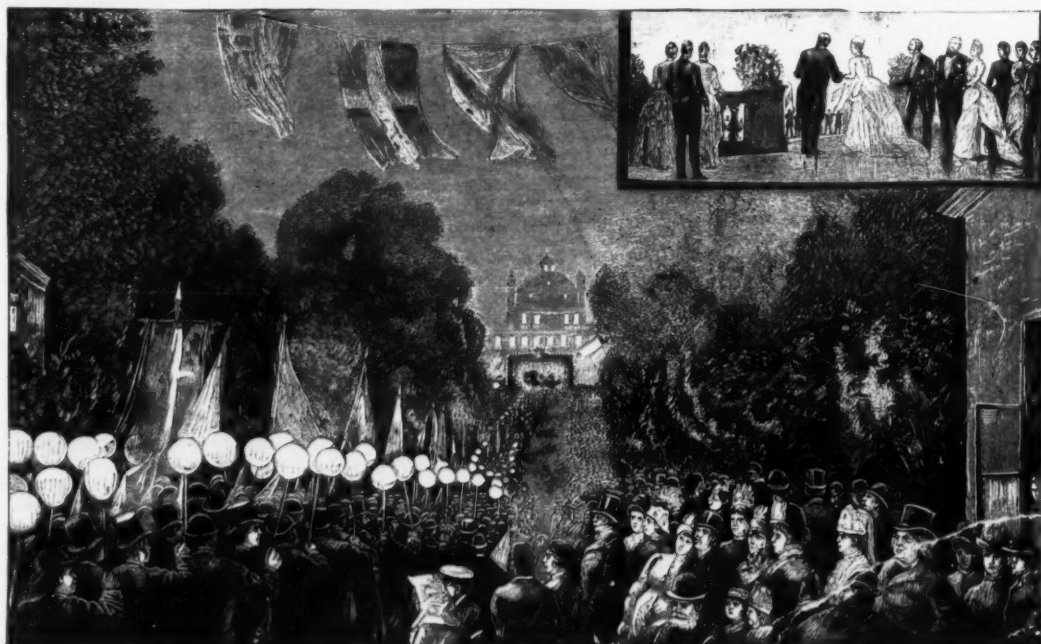
FRANCE.—THE MANUFACTURE OF GRUYÈRE CHEESE.



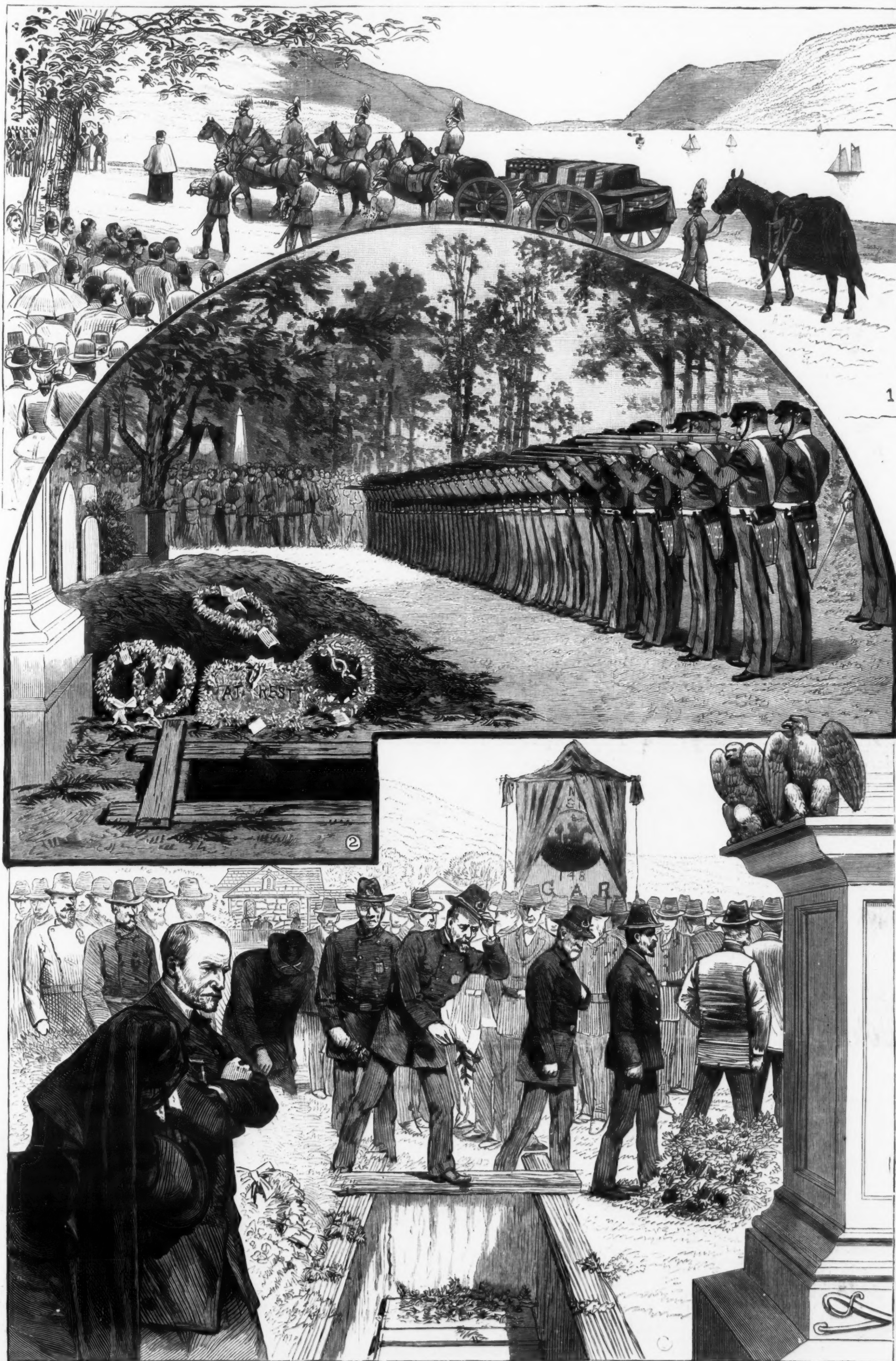
ITALY.—REVIEW OF THE CAVALRY BY QUEEN MARGHERITA, AT RUBIERA.



GERMANY.—HERR J. M. SCHLEYER, THE INVENTOR OF "VOLAPÜK."



DENMARK.—CELEBRATION OF THE 70TH BIRTHDAY OF QUEEN LOUISA, AT FREDENSBORG, ATTENDED BY THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA.



1. ON THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY. 2. THE CADET'S FIRING THE FINAL VOLLEYS OVER THE GRAVE. 3. THE LAST TRIBUTE.

NEW YORK.—A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.—THE OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK, AT WEST POINT, OCTOBER 18TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 166.

"THE LAND OF THE LIVING."

Oh! empty form of heedless speech;
Weak thought, that can no higher reach;
To deem this home of mortal pain,
Where Terror's King holds perfect reign,
And speeds his shafts on every hand—
To deem this earth the "living land"!—
Here, every pathway knows the tread
Of mourners bearing forth their dead
In sad procession, moving slow
To measures of funeral woe.
Here, all the ways of being tend
To one inexorable end,
And every line of human doom
Meets and determines in the tomb.

It is the land of DYING, here,
The rending sigh, the falling tear,
The sepulchre, the pall, the bier.

Oh! land of life, we cannot trace
Thy metes and bounds, and give thee place
On this dissolving earthly sphere—
The promised Canaan is not here.
But look we wisely far away,
Beyond the boundaries of to-day,
To that serene, celestial clime,
Far past the measurement of time,
Where death is vanquished, and the soul
Sees life in newer forms unroll,
And fresh delights, that never end,
In bright perspective grow and blend.

LAND OF THE LIVING! It is where
Eternal youth blooms bright and fair;
Where pale disease and mortal groan
And funeral grief are never known;
Where friendship's pulse for ever beats,
And love bears undecaying sweets;
Where not one sad, sepulchral mound
In all the landscape fair is found,
Nor crumbling stone, with prayer impressed,
For lost ones craving peace and rest;
For weariness and conflict cease,
And life itself is rest and peace.

MR. BENONI'S STORY.

By GUSTAVE KOBBE.

"THIS is Mr. Benoni," said my friend Dr. Banks, as a sudden turn in the gravel walk brought us almost face to face with a man seated on a rustic bench. "Mr. Benoni is a friend of mine, and is here on a visit." This last was said by way of introduction in Mr. Benoni's hearing, he having risen and advanced towards us. He was tall, proportionately broad, and his steel-gray hair framed an intellectual face. "Mr. Benoni," continued Dr. Banks, when we had sauntered up to the bench and seated ourselves, "loves nature. I venture to say that two hours before we were stirring he was wandering through the garden listening to the voices of the morning." "Yes," said Mr. Benoni, "I was out early this charming morning; and where could one enjoy it more fully than in this beautiful garden? Your friend"—addressing me—"made a fortunate choice when he selected this site for a country place. One can roam for hours, without tiring, through the spacious grounds. Dr. Banks understands me. He knows that I love to commune with nature, and he often leaves me undisturbed in the solitude of some shady retreat. There is but one objection to the place, and that objection arises through the doctor's own fault. I speak frankly and without reference to yourself—he has too many friends. The house is often full of them. He is constantly asking people to visit him, and those who come usually stay a long time. They interfere with my enjoyment of nature. When I think I have found a solitary nook where I can remain undisturbed, one of the doctor's friends appears in view—more than likely Mr. Arundel, who is seated yonder reading, and who seems to have a habit of getting in my way. When I first visited the doctor here, he did not have so many friends. But I suppose his constantly growing practice has brought him into contact with many people. I will not be so selfish as to wish that he had been less successful. But I am growing old now, inclined to be querulous, and have been here so long that I regard the place somewhat as my own. Hence my frankness. I love the doctor—he is the only man I love—for only he, the birds and the flowers, understand me."

Dr. Banks had been listening with a good-natured look to Mr. Benoni's strictures on his liberality. "Benoni," he said, "I am sure my friend is another man who will understand you, if you will tell him your story. He has traveled much, seen much and read much; but I am quite sure he has never had or heard of a stranger experience than yours. He is my best friend—in strong sympathy with all my thoughts and opinions; and I am convinced that as I understand you, so will he."

II.

MR. BENONI looked at me earnestly, and then bowed his head meditatively. Looking suddenly up again and pointing to a lily which rose majestically yet gracefully above a bed of flowers, he said: "That lily brings vividly before me a form of grace and a face of beauty—the form and face of my dead wife. I hold the doctor dear above all other men, because he knew her and remembers her beauty. I love nature, because in all that is beautiful in nature I can see her. Hence I love solitude, because in solitude I can best commune with what is most beautiful in nature."

"No one who never knew my wife can appreciate the shadow which her death has cast over my life, or form an idea of the grief and despair which since then has entered my heart. We had known each other since childhood, for we had grown up together. Our parents' houses were adjoining. We romped together with the children of the neighborhood. In those childhood games I assumed a kind of protectorate over her, and in those disputes in which children's sports not infrequently end I took care that she was never

wronged. I remember especially one occasion when I was her champion. As a child, already Alice had a profusion of black hair. In the days when we played those romping games it was bound by a single ribbon, from which it fell over her shoulders and back. When she ran, her motions were grace itself. Her cheeks glowed with excitement, and her hair streamed in the breeze. One day a boy, who was running after her in one of our games, in his eagerness to catch her, instead of waiting till he gained on her sufficiently to grasp her arm, caught her streaming hair. The check was so sudden and so rude that she fell with a sharp cry of pain. What followed I cannot tell of my own knowledge. Lookers-on told me that I threw myself upon the boy, and that a short but severe fight ensued—short because my blood was up—and I soon felled him. That incident drew Alice and myself closer to one another, and our friendship soon became proverbial among our companions. And so our childhood passed, and she entered upon lovely maidenhood and I upon youth. The promise of her beauty as a child was more than fulfilled; the loveliness of her face harmonized with the maidenly grace of her form. In her childhood I had been her protector, but now it seemed as though I relied more upon her than she upon me; for I laid all my hopes and ambitions before her, and sought guidance of her. She would listen to me with tender interest, and advise me gently yet firmly.

"Soon another bond of sympathy sprang up between us. We had in common a love for beautiful music. The parents of both of us were musical, and as children, already we had received lessons on the piano. But in those days we were more interested in our childish games. As we grew older, however, and more serious, and our emotions deeper, music gained a strong hold upon us. Not only did we hear the compositions of the great masters performed at concerts, but we played arrangements of them as duets on the piano. Thus we grew more and more familiar with them, until we knew them note by note. When we could play them technically correctly, we tried to penetrate into their deeper meaning. It was then I began to discover the poetry of Alice's nature. Beauties which would have remained hidden from me she discovered, and for the interpretation of every composition she had numerous poetic suggestions. And so we often reveled in a wealth of beautiful sound. Yet we were quite unconscious of the bond of sympathy which united us, until there came a time when we thought we should be obliged to part—for the first time since early childhood. Alice's parents had decided to take her to Europe for a year or two, in order that foreign travel might complete her education. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the afternoon when she told me of our approaching separation. She spoke of it with mournful tenderness. I could say nothing. But I had a language better than speech in which to express the emotions which welled up as she spoke. There is an impromptu by Schubert, which has been aptly entitled the 'Elegy.' It is a mournful melody, floating over a softly flowing accompaniment, like the voice of a lonely spirit over the water. Gently I drew Alice to the piano, and seating myself at the instrument, intoned the 'Elegy.' Swayed by a feeling which I could not define, I played with the deepest expression of which I was capable. As the last notes died away hot tears fell upon my hands. I looked up into Alice's face. She was weeping. Flushed with the heat of sudden passion, I clasped her to my heart and kissed her. A moment later a thrill of joy passed through me as her lips touched my brow. Releasing her, I knelt before her. She laid her hands upon my head as though in blessing. Not a word had been spoken, but our stories had been told—we loved one another."

III.

"ALICE did not go to Europe. Our parents were not opposed to our union. Indeed, they had expected such an event, though not so soon. Still, they had so familiarized themselves with the idea, that when our love for one another was made known to Alice's parents, the trip to Europe was abandoned. We were not, however, to marry until the lapse of two years, when I would be twenty-two and she twenty. Fortunately my parents were well off, and it was not necessary for me to earn my own living before I could marry Alice. All the same, I was ambitious enough to work hard at the studies which were to fit me for the legal profession, a course in which she encouraged me. Need I tell how happily those two years passed? Of our loving exchange of confidence? Of the trust we reposed in one another? The sweetness and beauty of Alice's character became more and more apparent to me; and when, two years after our engagement, we were united in marriage, it seemed to me as if the climax of happiness had been reached. As I stood at the altar to receive her, and she came up the aisle clad in white, her face calm yet radiant, I could not but feel that I was receiving an angel into my life. Nor was I mistaken. But I had been mistaken when I had thought that the climax of happiness had been reached on our wedding-day; for every day of our married life brought new happiness. Alice's face often wore that calm yet radiant expression it had worn on our wedding-day. Her lips often seemed to me about to part in a smile of happiness. When her face wore that expression of quiet rapture it was loveliest to behold. I see it rising before me now! I put out my hands to touch it! It has vanished! Ah! it was but the vision of a spirit! For, alas! Alice is no more. Three years of ever-increasing happiness, and then came a tragedy all the more terrible for the bliss which had preceded it. Ah, bitter memory of the hours of agony I passed at her bedside! Alas! will time never assuage the despair, the agony, of that hour when they told me her eyes had closed in death? I charged them with lying

to me; for, as I looked upon her face as she lay there so still, her lips, as so often before, seemed to me about to part in a smile of happiness. Is it a wonder that, when they came to bear her away to the tomb, I stood like a wild beast at bay before her coffin and dared them to approach? Seized, overpowered by superior numbers, it was only when they threatened to force me to remain guarded in that room that I desisted in order that I might be allowed to follow her remains to the tomb and there be suffered to gaze upon her features. Fools, to think her dead! I knew better than they. Would her lips still seem about to part in a smile of happiness if she were dead and lost to me? I felt that when, at the moment which others would think to be the moment of my final parting from her in the tomb, I called her by name, she would awaken from her trance and clasp me to her bosom and return with me once more into the air and sunshine. At last that moment came. The dreary cortege had reached the tomb, the heavy portal had been thrown back, and they had borne the coffin into the sepulchre, and placed it upon the catafalque. I stepped forward to take what the fools who had brought her there thought would be my last look at her. As I approached her I saw the dear familiar look of quiet rapture come over her face, her lips seemed about to part in a blissful smile, and I was sure I saw a slight tremor of the hand nearest me. I could not control my feelings. "Alice! Alice!" I exclaimed, and rushing to the side of the coffin, I raised her and clasped her to my breast.

"He is mad! I heard one of those behind me exclaim. A moment later I was seized by strong arms. I struggled with the strength of desperation. It availed me nothing. I was dragged from the tomb. I heard the clangor of the portal closing upon my beautiful wife. Then I lost consciousness."

IV.

"WHEN I became conscious I found myself lying on my bed at home, surrounded by members of my family. The family physician was feeling my pulse. My face must have worn an inquiring look, for he said, soothingly:

"You must remain here quietly a while. You have been very ill. It is two weeks since you were placed unconscious upon this bed."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"She? Who?"

"Alice! My lovely Alice? Where is she?"

"The physician turned to the bystanders, and shrugging his shoulders, tapped his forehead with one of his fingers.

"Wretches!" I cried, raising myself in bed, 'you know not what you have done. You have left her alive in the tomb. I saw her hand move just before I clasped her to my breast. No power in the world can hold me back now. I will open the portal of that tomb or die in the effort!'"

"The bystanders looked at the physician.

"The exertion may be fatal to Mr. Benoni," he said. "On the other hand, this excitement surely will be. Besides, you tell me that in the tumult attending his removal from the coffin the lid was not closed. That can be done, and Mr. Benoni at the same time become satisfied that his imagination has played him false. It may have a wholesome effect upon him," was added in an undertone.

"To get in readiness to start, to enter a carriage, drive through the town and into the cemetery, occupied barely an hour. Yet, when we drew up in front of the tomb, it seemed to me as if years had elapsed. What wild fancies whirled through my brain during that dreary drive—my beautiful Alice rising in her coffin; stretching out her arms into the awful darkness of the tomb and piteously calling my name; calling it still as she gropes her way along the damp walls to the portal; shrieking with despair as she finds it closed; tearing her flesh from her fingers in her frantic efforts to loose the iron lock and free herself; groping her way once more along the damp walls only to find herself again at the unyielding portal; mad with famine, beating her head against the cruel iron; in the agony of insanity tearing out handfuls of her raven hair; in the last desperation of madness grasping the lock again and falling with a moan lifeless against the portal! Do you wonder that beads of perspiration were on my brow when we reached the tomb? I snatched the large key from the hand of one of my relatives who had accompanied me, turned it in the lock and pushed back the portal. It opened slowly for a few inches. Then something impeded it. Almost frantic, I called upon those who had come with me to summon all their strength. With a great effort we made the portal yield enough to admit me. I rushed through the opening. When barely in the tomb I stumbled and fell. As I fell, I clutched about me, and felt one hand close upon an arm. The others had followed me. They dragged me out, my hand still clutching that arm. What was it they drew out after me? Alice? Oh, horror! Let me not call that hideous, distorted vision of her by that name! 'Villains,' I shrieked, as I gazed upon her lacerated, bleeding form, 'you are her murderers—you who dragged me from her side and closed the portal of this tomb upon her!'"

V.

MR. BENONI buried his face in his hands, and I saw that he was trembling with excitement. Dr. Banks beckoned to Arundel. The latter approached, and without further order took a seat beside the narrator. As Dr. Banks and I walked away, I asked: "Are you not afraid to leave him with only Arundel to look after him?"

"No. Benoni is not a raving maniac. Indeed, he is one of the most tractable inmates of my asylum, and Arundel is a trustworthy keeper."

"Has his story no foundation of fact? Is it all the offspring of his diseased mind?"

"There is foundation for much of it. Benoni's wife was a beautiful woman named Alice Mow-

bray. They had known each other since childhood, and their union was singularly happy. Three years after their marriage she died, during the typhus epidemic here some twenty-five years ago. Her death unsettled his reason. He would not believe that she was dead. In the tomb he insisted on being allowed to see her face again. For fear of maddening him they complied with his wish and opened the coffin. It was then his mind gave way. He clasped his wife's dead form to his breast, and had to be removed by force. He has been hopelessly insane since then, his insanity taking the shape of a fixed idea, that some time after his wife's death, as the story he told you ran, the tomb was opened, and it was discovered that she had been buried alive. I had just opened this private asylum, and he was placed in my charge, and has been here ever since."

VI.

THREE years after I had heard Mr. Benoni's story, I received, while I was traveling abroad, a letter from Dr. Banks, announcing the death of his patient. "You doubtless remember his wild tale," he wrote. "I have something to add. Day before yesterday the tomb was opened in order that the catafalque upon which his remains were to be placed beside those of his wife might be prepared. The coffin in which Mrs. Benoni's body lay when they closed the tomb, some twenty-eight years ago, was found to be open and empty. On searching the tomb, they found, near the portal, portions of a skeleton, and, clutching the lock so firmly that they had to loose them by force, skeleton fingers."

Was Mr. Benoni afflicted with madness or gifted with second sight?

POLICEMEN AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

THE Socialists of the Progressive Labor party of New York, and their sympathizers, to the number of seven or eight thousand, met on the plaza at Union Square on Monday evening of last week, to protest against the treatment which they had received on the occasion of their ratification meeting of the 8th inst. At that meeting the Socialists had been clubbed and dispersed by the police, although they were innocent of any disturbance or other offense; and the police captain had acknowledged as much in his attempt to explain the matter as "a mistake."

The indignation meeting of last week was presided over by Editor Shevich, of the *Leader*, and he was supported by other Progressive Labor leaders. A few red flags were carried by the various organizations which attended the meeting, and there were a number of transparencies, one of which represented a policeman's club striking the American flag, with the following legend underneath: "It was a mistake." The speakers denounced the police in no measured terms; and condemnatory resolutions were adopted with cheers. Stenographers took down the speeches for the police authorities. This was all; and before ten o'clock the assemblage had quietly dispersed. The significant feature of the occasion, however, was the fact that three hundred policemen, armed with wicked-looking clubs, were massed in the dark side-streets radiating from the square, under the command of their captains, ready to pounce upon the people at the meeting at a word's notice. To many an observer they looked like an illustration of the indiscriminate hostility and violence denounced by the speakers. The metropolitan police force, as a whole, is no doubt an efficient and trustworthy body of men, and has to face some trying situations. At the same time, unfortunately, it contains members who need watching as much as the most rabid Anarchists. The public yet remembers Sergeant Crowley—still less has it forgotten that Patrolman Hahn, who killed Jack Hussey, the life-saver of Castle Garden, was acquitted two weeks ago on perjured testimony, and is now back on his beat, swinging his club and carrying his pistol as if nothing had happened.

VIGILANTES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

IT is not often that "vigilance committees," those summary and sanguinary regulators of lawless districts in the remote West, find occupation on the Atlantic Slope. During the past few months, however, such an organization has been formed among the mountains of West Virginia, where a desperate band of outlaws have committed a series of robberies and other outrages, culminating two weeks since in the cold-blooded murder of the Rev. Thomas P. Ryan in his own home, near Spencer, Roane County. This crime roused the country; and it transpired that a band of regulators, consisting of over 1,000 citizens, farmers and others, of Jackson, Roane, Kanawha, Clay and Gilmer Counties, had been formed about six months ago. The purpose of the organization was self-protection against the bands of robbers and murderers who have run riot in certain localities of Jackson, Roane and Kanawha Counties. Warrants were issued for four men, to whom strong circumstantial evidence pointed as the murderers of Mr. Ryan. A constable, with a posse of sixty of the vigilantes, hunted down the four outlaws, and captured them, after a desperate fight in which one of them was killed. Two of the remaining three were subsequently lynched, after confessing their guilt. The other was, with great difficulty, taken to the jail at Charleston for safekeeping. At the present writing, officers are after others who are said to be members of the outlaw band. Trouble is expected, as the matter has become a vendetta and rival factions are after each other; but the summary work of the vigilance committee is likely to prevent a repetition in West Virginia of the disgraceful terrorism of Rowan County, Kentucky.

BURIAL OF GENERAL KILPATRICK.

THE burial of Major-general Judson Kilpatrick in the Military Cemetery at West Point, on Tuesday of last week, was attended by many distinguished comrades of the dead soldier, and by a large concourse of his friends and admirers from the walks of civil life. The body was conveyed from New York in a special train on the West Shore Railroad. At the station at West Point, a gun-carriage, draped with flags and with six jet-black horses in front of it, awaited the arrival of the funeral party. A squad of cavalrymen, their yellow plumes nodding as they walked, filed to the

car wherein the metal coffin lay, and bore it to the gun-carriage. Then the pall-bearers took their places, the family occupying conveyances behind them, and the cortege moved slowly up the winding road. Most of the mourners were veterans. The Kilpatrick Post of Elizabeth led the column. With them were the department officers of the Grand Army of New Jersey. Next were the drum corps and members of the Kilpatrick Post of this city, 150 strong. Both posts carried flags and banners. Then came delegations from about 40 posts of this city and New Jersey, and civilians to the number of 200 or more. At the bend of the road, below the garrison, where the view of river and mountain is most sweeping, the cortege halted to await the cadets. Presently moving on again, the plain came into view, with the cadets drawn up in battalion. As the gun-carriage with its burden wheeled into the plain the thin "r" of cannon awoke the echoes in the hills. Then the battalion wheeled about, and led by the band and the battalion with reversed arms, the procession moved along the road west of the parade-grounds and thence out towards the cemetery. At the grave the Rev. William A. Bronson, Chaplain of the Department of New Jersey, read a prayer from the Grand Army ritual, and Father Burke, the village priest, recited the offices for the dead. This over and the coffin lowered, the battalion fired three volleys over the grave and there was a final blast from the cannon on the plain. The hills repeated the farewell. Then, after dropping sprigs of evergreen in the open grave, the veterans who had known and loved the dead soldier in the stormy days of the Civil War slowly left the scene, his wife and two daughters being led away by General Sherman, who, amid all their bitter trials, has been their loyal friend.

AN AUTUMN VOYAGE TO DIXIE.

It is about fifty-five hours from New York to Savannah by steamship. The voyage is long enough to afford the passenger a delightful taste of sea-life, and it is more varied in the matter of climate than the longer transatlantic trip; though the variations are not so marked in early autumn as in some other seasons of the year.

The tourist, embarking at the New York pier in the afternoon—say on the *Nacoochee*, or the *Chattahoochee*, names redolent of Georgian rivers and the Everglades of Florida—sees ere nightfall the receding shores of New Jersey sink beneath the stern. By noon the next day he knows all his fellow-passengers, perhaps a hundred or more in number, by name or by sight. The saloon passengers are largely in the majority, and a remarkably interesting assemblage they form. There are aimless tourists, and business-bound commercial travelers; sportsmen, both American and English, on their way to Florida, loaded for alligator; Southern planters, who are fond of dating their reminiscences "before the war"; perhaps a party of pensive nuns, in "sable stole of cypress lawn," breviary in hand and rosary at waist; and—still more suggestive of mortality—the invalids have we always with us on these South-bound steamers. The steerage passengers are mostly negroes, who, after a profitable summer season North as hotel-waiters, are flitting Southward to serve in the same capacity at the winter resorts of Georgia and Florida.

If the weather be sunny—and it is literally a cold day when it is not, in the latitudes of this route—all hands turn out to idle away the time on deck. The negroes play "seven-up" from morning till night. Grouped close by them, and forming one of those contrasts which chance is as fond of arranging as is any romance or playwright, are the nuns, with their eyes demurely fixed upon their books. They are not too deeply absorbed in their devout contemplations, however, to share the lively interest manifested by the other passengers whenever the children on the lookout discover a new lot of the merry, madcap porpoises which abound in these waters. The porpoises, like philosophers, go in schools. They care nothing for dignity, however, but leap into the air like mountebanks, keeping always about the bow of the steamer, as if to show their contempt for her rate of speed. Sometimes a tired flock of migratory birds take refuge upon the vessel; and those which flutter down to the deck fall an easy prey to such as are not too gentle or too superstitious to join in the general chase after them. The traditional rounding of Cape Hatteras is always dreaded by uninitiated voyagers; but as likely as not there is a clear sky and a dead calm as the vessel passes within a mile or two of this redoubtable point. Finally, about dusk on the third day, the lights of the mouth of the Savannah River are sighted; and a little later, as the steamer waits for the tide at the bar, the lights of the city itself are discerned in the velvety dark of the distance.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE HUNGARIAN BEAUTY COMPETITION.

A MODERN instance of the judgment of Paris occurred in the recent beauty competition which was held on St. Stephen's Day, at Buda-Pesth, in connection with a grand charitable *fête*, given in aid of the sufferers by the recent great fires and inundations, which have wrought such disasters in numerous Hungarian towns. More than 100,000 visitors attended, and a sum of 60,000 florins was realized. The judging of the beauties took place at 6 P. M., the jury being constituted under the presidency of Count Karolyi, and consisting of seven gentlemen. They adjudged the first prize to Fräulein Gisella Schuler, the second to Fräulein Ida Toronyi, and the third to Fräulein Mariska Kolos. The two last-named ladies are natives of Buda-Pesth, the more favored competitor having been born in Oroskaza, whence she had come with her parents to the festival. Miss Schuler is eighteen years of age, and, curiously enough, secured her triumph on her birthday. Count Karolyi, enacting the difficult rôle of Paris, presented her with a golden apple, inscribed, "To the All-beautiful, September 20th, 1887." The other ladies were presented with similar apples, which may be seen suspended from their throats as lockets.

GRUYÈRE CHEESE.

The real *fromage de Gruyère*, that mild, pale cheese, honeycombed with large airholes, which in American restaurants is commonly called "Swiss cheese," is a French product, made chiefly in Franche-Comté, in the Jura. Gruyère cheeses are sold in large, flattened disks, which in the trade are called wheels. A wheel of Franche-Comté Gruyère weighs generally from 30 to 35 kilograms (66 to 77 pounds). It takes a quantity of milk, varying, of course, according to its richness, but never less than 300 liters. Naturally there are few farmers (especially on the higher mountains where the cheese

originally came) who have herds large enough to obtain in one or even in two days enough milk to make one cheese. Thus, from time immemorial, the farmers of Franche-Comté have clubbed together in order to obtain the quantity of milk necessary. The farmers of each commune join together and form a society, managed by an elected committee of generally five members. Each member is bound in turn to make a cheese at his own home, using the milk brought to him by his associates. This cheese remains his personal property. He is thus in debt to his colleagues; but he emancipates himself by giving them on the following days all the milk of his own cows. The preparation of Gruyère cheese requires great care. After the curdling of the milk comes the breaking and the mashing of the curd—this latter a delicate operation, on which the success of the cheese depends. This first part of the cheesemaking only takes a few hours, but afterwards comes the long process of fermentation in the cellars, when, during a space of four months, and sometimes six, the cheese must be turned, salted, and well rubbed on its two sides. The salt gives flavor to the cheese and regulates the fermentation.

ITALIAN MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

The recent series of grand manoeuvres by a portion of the Italian Army, under the direction of Lieutenant-general the Marquis Pallavicini di Priola, took place on the plains of the Province of Emilia, in Northern Italy. The Royal family attended, and our engraving represents a picturesque episode of the grand review at Rubiera, when the superior officers, in a body, at the head of their troops, passed in review before their fair Queen, Margherita.

VOLAPÜK AND ITS INVENTOR.

"Volapük," the most serious attempt yet made at a universal language, appears already to have made considerable progress in Europe. According to the prospectus of the *Volapük-Almanach* for 1888, there are in Germany and Austria alone some 20,000 amateurs or masters of this eight-year-old "world-language." A "Grammar with Vocabulary of Volapük," by W. A. Seret, has been published in Glasgow by Thomas Murray & Son, in London by Whittaker & Co., and in New York by B. Westermann & Co. Volapük was invented by Herr John Martin Schleyer, a German scholar and linguist, born in the Grand Duchy of Baden in 1831. The system was first published in 1880, since which time it has made rapid progress, and has already gained a firm footing in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, Italy, France, Sweden, and especially in Austria and in Syria and Arabia, having been introduced also into Russia (south), America, Asia, and the north of Africa. It has a vocabulary of 17,000 words.

A ROYAL FÊTE IN DENMARK.

The Czar and the Czarina have just returned to Russia from their delightful Danish visit. One of the incidents of this visit was their participation, at Fredensborg, in the celebration of Queen Louisa's seventieth birthday. On that occasion, hundreds of children of the place gathered in front of the royal palace, each carrying a bouquet. They sang a hymn, and when the Queen appeared, they cheered her most heartily. The Czar and Czarina appeared on the balcony, and it is said that the Autocrat of all the Russias sang with the children, and even led the song, when the Queen desired it to be repeated. In the evening there was a brilliant procession of boys and men bearing thousands of colored lanterns through the avenues of firs, and the palace was handsomely illuminated.

THRIFT OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND writes from Paris as follows concerning the progress of the French: "Every sign still exists in France of fertility, industry, thrift, obedience to the laws and honest financiering. Notwithstanding the enormous size of their debt, the French people do not shrink from every form of taxation required to meet their interest. For some time after the war they paid off large parcels of the principal, but have not found it prudent of late to do more than meet their interest account. Taxation is excessive in the country, but I think it is not equal either to the taxation or the conscription which France suffered at the close of the career of Napoleon I., when old age and hoary hairs, immature youth, the cradle and the grave, were robbed for the harvest-field of war.

"Every railroad ticket sold in France adds a penny to the cost to meet a Government tax. Two sons among a people habitually frugal is in itself a tax every time they ride from the city to the suburbs, or from the capital to a province. But the French really taught Europe financial honesty in dealing with a public creditor, and it has become traditional with that country not to permit revolutions in the form of the Government to embarrass the public credit. The huge sums of money spent by Napoleon the Last to employ voters and promote an evanescent industry are all being considered by the French of the present day when they pay their taxes. As to the French army, it seems to be sustained by the populace even more than by the public men, although the populace get few or none of the honors of the army, and must go in the ranks."

JAPANESE SAKÉ DRINKERS AND CHINESE ABSTAINERS.

ACCORDING to Thomas Stevens (writing in the *New York Sun*): "No nation in Asia drinks so persistently and steadily as do the Japanese. The average Jap consumes about half a pint of saké, or rice beer, with each meal—a pint and a half per day—saying nothing about further social indulgence in the evening. Both men and women drink saké by the pint daily, and think no harm of it either. At meals the saké is served up in slender, big-necked earthenware bottles, holding about a pint. The favorite way is to drink it warm. It is usually warmed by setting the bottle in boiling water for a while before putting it on the table. Rice beer is a rather deceptive name to give saké, as it resembles liquor more than beer, both in color, consistency, and in intoxicating property. In the consumption of alcohol the Japs, as a nation, rank far ahead of any other Asiatic country. In addition to saké, they are rapidly coming to the fore as consumers of beer and brandy and whisky. Their consumption of these beverages keeps a curiously even pace with their progression toward what we are pleased to consider our own higher plane of civilization. When they first began to think of wearing European clothes they contented themselves with importing French brandy and English and Milwaukee beer. Now, however, the

Government compels all its officials to adopt European clothes, and the upper crust society at Tokio are far from being alone in Europeanizing their habits and costumes. Consequently the Japs have commenced brewing their own beer and making a very good imitation of French brandy. They have a big brewery now at Ko-fu that turns out hundreds of thousands of bottles of very good beer annually.

"The Chinese as a nation consume very little intoxicating drink, although they make a beverage from rice called 'torri,' almost the counterpart of the saké of Japan. Whenever there has been war between the two nations the Japs have invariably walloped John Chinaman almost as thoroughly as the attack-drinking Jats of the Punjab were wont to make things warm for the total-abstaining Hindoos in 1857, and before."

WRITING BY ELECTRICITY.

THE wonderful invention of writing by electricity at a distance of fifty miles is thus described by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Out of the top of a box, which is about the size of an ordinary dispatch-box, protrudes what has the appearance of a stylographic pen. This, however, is not a pen, but the handle of the 'transmitter,' and its lower end is fixed to a light brass perpendicular bar. Any motion given by the hand—you hold it just like a pen—to the handle of the transmitter is communicated by this bar to two series of carbon disks contained within the box, and, after various adventures among magnets, etc., is carried again to the top of the box, where it is reproduced exactly by a small ink-holding pen, whose point rests on a white paper tape. A clockwork apparatus pulls this tape along at a gentle pace; and after a little practice you find that it is quite easy to move the handle of the transmitter so that the pen shall write legibly on the moving tape. Now, whatever is written on the tape before you is written simultaneously a mile off, or it may be fifty miles off, on a similar tape, by a similar instrument at the other end of the wire. The instrument is very compact, and apparently efficient." The inventor is Mr. John Robertson, an American.

PENSION SYSTEMS OF FOREIGN NATIONS.

PENSION COMMISSIONER BLACK is compiling for public use a sketch of the pension systems of every civilized country in the world, which he expects to have completed before the meeting of Congress. Not one of the European governments pensions the private soldier for loss of health. If he has lost a limb, then some small provision is made for him. Countries that keep large standing armies, like Germany, England and France, cannot afford to pension their disabled soldiers and keep up the army too. England retires her officers on half pay, but nothing is done for the private soldier except in cases of special bravery, when he gets a medal of honor which entitles him to £10 a year. Or, if he is found to be a proper person to be the inmate of a soldiers' home, he is put thither, but without a pension.

Germany has a way all her own of providing for her disabled soldiers. There exists a small fund for the purchase of musical instruments; and when a soldier is to be pensioned, he is provided with an instrument of some sort, perhaps a hand-organ or a horn, and sent out to torture humanity. A report received from China shows that the Chinese know nothing of pensions or pension agents. There was a case once where the Empress presented two sick soldiers each with a box of pills. But the report doesn't say whether it was the Empress or the people who paid for the pills.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

PAPER is now utilized in the manufacture of coffins.

SUMATRA has a flower which grows to nine feet in circumference and weighs fifteen pounds.

THE tower which is being erected by the Russians on the highest point of the Mount of Olives, at Jerusalem, is already several stories high, and but one more is to be added. It is to be so high that both the Mediterranean and Dead Sea may be seen from the top. A number of bells will be placed in the tower. In digging the foundations seven Christian graves were found together, with an inscription in Greek, in which the word "Stephanus" could be deciphered.

LAKE SUPERIOR, our great fresh-water inland sea, is almost in the very centre of the Continent of North America, and is 375 miles long, 150 miles wide, its area being about 32,000 square miles. Its surface is 602 feet above mean tide at New York, while of such depth that much of the lake bottom is below the ocean level, numerous United States survey soundings of over one thousand feet having been taken. Lake Huron is not so deep in any point, and Lake Erie is, on an average, barely one hundred feet deep.

A PARIS correspondent writes: "The scheme for a trans-Siberian railway is being brought prominently before the French public, and the holders in the old stockings of the peasants will try to find an investment in it. The iron road probably will be finished before the Lesseps Panama Canal, although not yet begun. It is to run for 6,000 versts across Siberia, and will cost 380,000,000 rubles. Of course, the State will undertake to do it, but with capital gathered on the Stock Exchanges of the world. The engineers will have nice pickings and lickings. Twenty millions of rubles will be spent on ten of the bridges."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 15TH.—In New York, John Brotherton, oldest member of the Bar in this State, aged 81 years. OCTOBER 18th.—In Newton, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Herman Lincoln, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Newton Theological Institution, aged 66 years; in France, Alfred A. Cuvillier-Fleury, author and Academician, aged 85 years. OCTOBER 19th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., William E. Rowan, formerly a prominent Republican politician, aged 51 years; in Sanford, Fla., Judge William Arcene Cooke, aged 70 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Delia Charlotte Stone, wife of David M. Stone, editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*; in England, Alexander J. Beresford-Hope, novelist, writer, and Liberal-Conservative Member of Parliament for Cambridge, aged 67 years. OCTOBER 20th.—In Oakland, Cal., Judge Addison M. Crane, aged 73 years. OCTOBER 21st.—In Wilmington, Del., Charles Gatman, President of the New Castle Co. National Bank of Odessa, aged 95 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

UNITED STATES SENATORS PALMER, Stockbridge, Hale, Frye, Aldrich and Hawley spent the past summer in Europe.

MR. J. Q. A. WARD will make the statue of Henry Ward Beecher which is to be erected in Brooklyn, and for which the sum of \$25,000 is now available.

THE Nizam of Hyderabad's gift to the British Government for frontier defense against Russia is \$3,000,000, or a million more than previously announced.

BUFFALO BILL CODY's Continental schemes appear to be "off," for the present, at any rate. On December 12th, he begins a four months' season at Manchester, on the completion of which he returns to America.

POPE LEO XIII., whose Jubilee is to be celebrated at Rome next year, was ordained priest in December, 1837, and celebrated Mass for the first time in the Church of St. Andrea del Quirinale on the 1st of January, 1838.

JOHN I. BLAIR, the richest man in New Jersey, owns three railroads in Kansas, two in Missouri, and one in Iowa. Although seventy-four years old and worth a dozen millions, he is still planning new money-getting projects.

THE Princess Eugénie of Sweden, who some years ago disposed of her jewels and devoted the proceeds to the poor, has taken a contingent of the Salvation Army under her wing with a view to testing the sincerity of their religious fervor.

ALDERMAN DE KEYSER, the Belgian inn-keeper of London, who has been elected Lord Mayor of the British metropolis, is not a Roman Catholic, as has been generally stated. He has just appointed a Protestant clergyman to be his official chaplain.

THE Marquis de Rochambeau is writing a book entitled "Yorktown: The Centennial of the Independence of the United States of America, 1781-1881." He proposes to give incidents of and experiences in connection with his American visit.

WHILE in Nashville, Tenn., President Cleveland called, with his wife, upon Mrs. James K. Polk, who is eighty-five years of age. The meeting between Mrs. Cleveland, aged twenty-two, and the ex-mistress of the White House, sixty-three years older, was very cordial.

A BRAVE express messenger named J. Ernest Smith, on the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad, being assailed by two train-robbers while the train was in motion, shot both of them dead, although they were armed and used dynamite in an attempt to blow up his car.

JAY GOULD and RUSSELL SAGE, as trustees of the consolidated mortgage of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company and as individuals, have been sued in the Supreme Court of New York County by representatives of the holders of the consolidated bonds to account for the sum of \$6,000,000.

THE Khedive of Egypt is a strict monogamist. He lives with his one wife and children at his palace at Ismailia, near the Nile Bridge. Every morning he rises between four and five and takes two hours' exercise. Between seven and eight he drives to the Abdin Palace, where he holds state receptions, receives telegrams and attends to the affairs of state.

LIEUTENANT FOULKE, of the United States Navy, now on duty in Japanese waters, is shortly to marry a Japanese girl at Nagasaki. She is spoken of as a woman of great intelligence, beauty and fascination, and a strong and admirable character. Lieutenant Foulke will bring his wife home with him, where he has been ordered to stand his examination for promotion in the service.

MRS. ANNIE LACHS, an eccentric German woman of middle age, has been fined \$50 for throwing a pancake at Mrs. Cleveland on the latter's visit to the St. Louis Fair. At the trial Mrs. Lachs claimed that she was only waving the pancake in the air while harrumphing for the President, and that it slipped out of her hand, but several eyewitnesses testified that it was deliberately thrown.

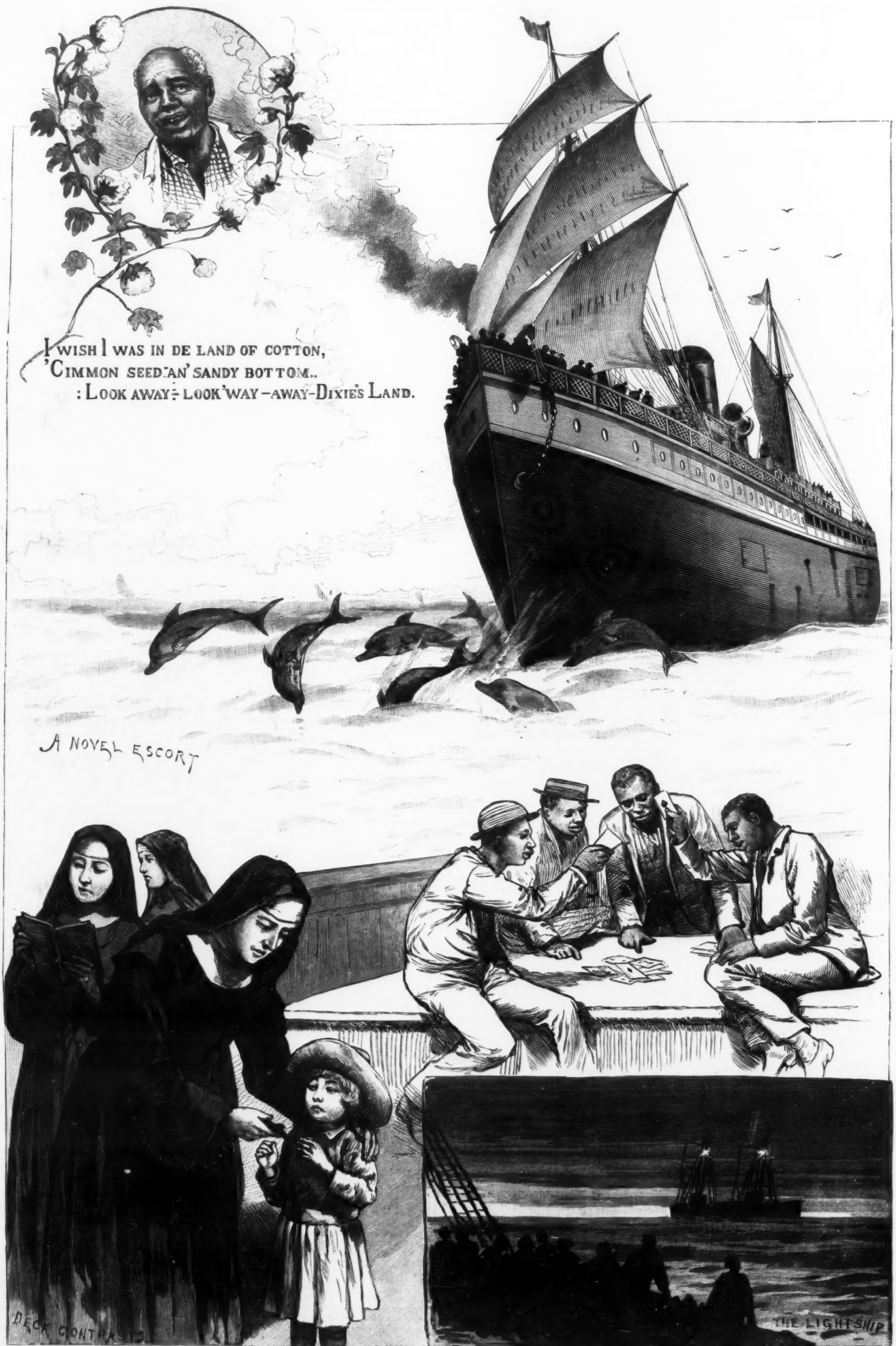
HARRISON MILLARD, whose portrait appears on another page, will be honored by a grand complimentary concert, under the auspices of his artistic and professional friends, at Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening of this week. Miss Millard, his daughter, will also take part. Some of the composer's favorite songs are on the programme, which also includes his latest sacred composition, a work of high merit and importance.

It is officially announced from Paris that General Caffarel has been removed from his post of Chief of Staff of the French War Office, and that his name has been struck from the army list. He will receive a yearly pension of 8,000 francs. The Council of the Legion of Honor has recommended that his name be struck from the list of members of the Legion, and that he be deprived of the right of wearing any decoration of the Order.

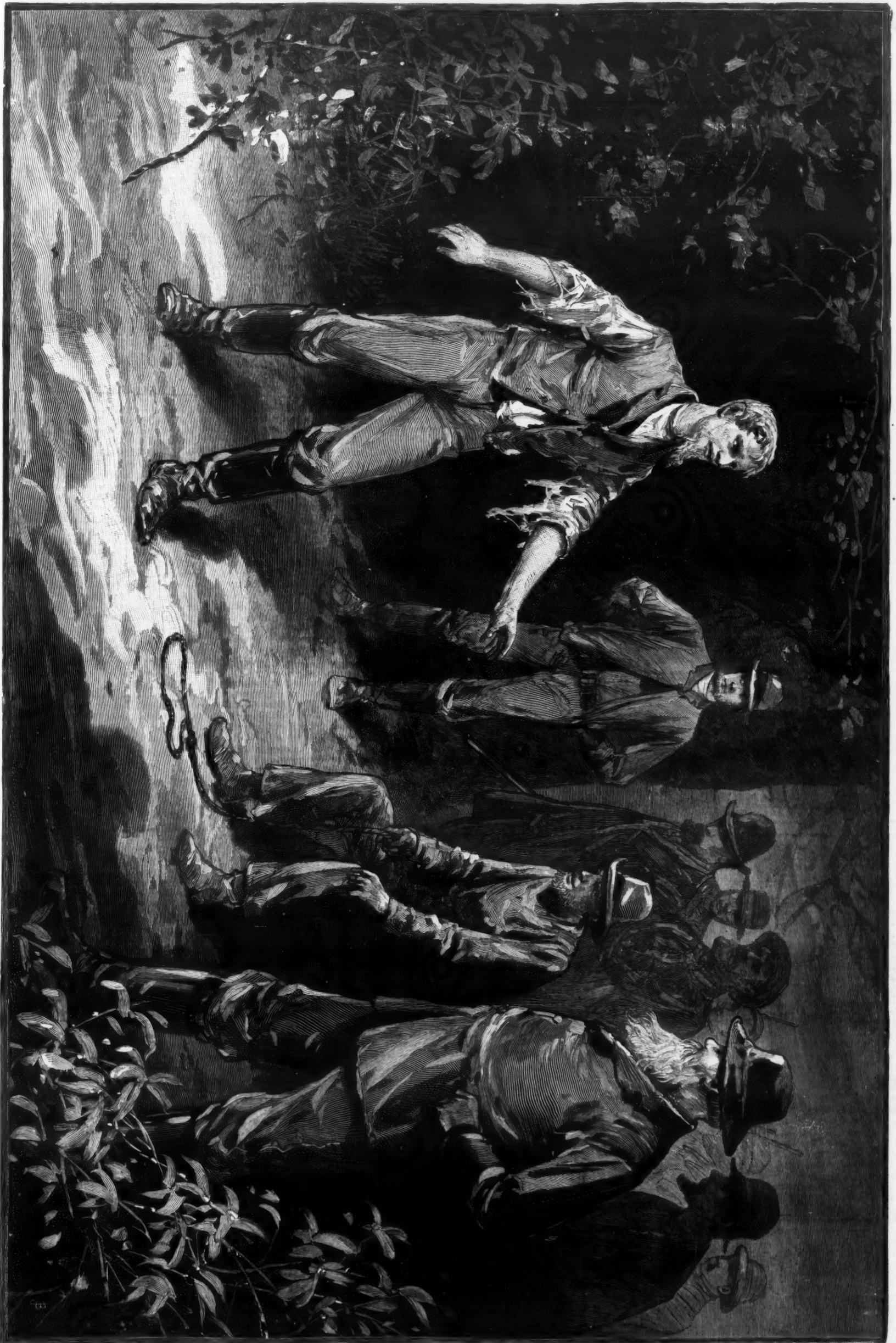
THE sudden death of Judge H. T. Ellett was a sad and startling interruption of the welcome to President Cleveland at Memphis. Judge Ellett had just tendered, in a courtly address, the freedom of the city. The President was replying, when the Judge suddenly fell in a faint. He was carried from the stand, and died ten minutes later, from paralysis of the heart. The President was not informed of Judge Ellett's death until after his train was on the way to Nashville. Both he and Mrs. Cleveland were much affected.

THERE is no truth in the story that Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, is out of his mind. A Russian journalist, who has just paid him a visit, describes him as perfectly healthy and perfectly sane. He is busy writing a series of tales and sketches for the entertainment of the less cultivated class of Russian readers. It is his fondness for agricultural pursuits, he believes, which gave rise to the story of his having engaged in manual industry. He spends two or three hours a day in field labor of one sort or another, preferably in guiding the plow.

A GERMAN, named Adolph Kocher, of Keyport, N. J., visited Castle Garden, New York, the other day, in search of a wife. He wanted an Irish girl, with black hair, industry, sweet temper and an ear for music. She must have no male cousins, as he is opposed to her relations spending the summer with him. Before the marriage he demands that his wife shall sign a paper certifying that she will not seek a separation for two years. He has saved \$90, and thought that with that sum and a neat house, garden, two goats and a cow, which he owns, they could live happily while life lasts. At the latest accounts he had not found the paragon he sought.



A FLYING TRIP TO THE NEW SOUTH, No. 1.—PICTURESQUE BITS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 167



WEST VIRGINIA.—VIGILANTES HUNTING DOWN AN ORGANIZED BAND OF OUTLAWS—THE LAST PLEA FOR LIFE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 166.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE DRIVER OF DEMONIA.

A VERY unhappy and unsatisfied sort of man had wandered disconsolately about Bobunquedunk all that day long. He was sullen and surly all the time; he had seemed to be in a chronic state of rage; he had had neither kind words nor pleasant smiles for anyone at any time. He had kicked an unfortunate dog that happened to be in his way, and had sworn at some one of the hotel employés who had been unlucky enough to fail to do his precise bidding in the very shortest time possible. He was dressed like a gentleman; he had acted like a brute.

He hadn't been in Bobunquedunk long. He had only arrived yesterday. He had never been in the place before. He had come from New York, all the way from New York, passing by a large number of very fashionable and very popular Summer resorts as though they were not worthy of a moment's consideration. You may be sure he hadn't come to Bobunquedunk without some very clear and definite reason for doing so, and I think we may feel safely certain that things were not going exactly as he had expected, or at least hoped.

He had arrived at Bobunquedunk on the same stage with another gentleman from New York, a thing not very remarkable when we learn that only one stage a day came to this little village by the sea from the nearest railroad station—twenty miles away. He arrived at the same time as the gentleman, but I am not sure whether I ought to say he came with the other, or only followed him. I think this man was not quite certain himself, and that it did not detract at all from the frightful temper into which he had worked himself. As to whether the other one had come here by his advice, or simply because he chose to do so—I am not sure; I don't think he was.

When night came, the man realized that he was in no fit mood for dancing, or dissipation of any sort. He knew that he wouldn't appear to advantage in public. We needn't speculate as to the reasons why he preferred to be alone. He went to the livery stable, the only one in little Bobunquedunk, and asked for a horse and buggy. The proprietor himself was temporarily absent. Only a boy was in charge.

"I—I think we haven't anything for you," he said.

"You think? You don't think anything of the sort. You can't put me off when I want a horse—no unless you are willing to say squarely that you haven't any."

"Well—there is one—but—"

"Bring the animal out, then."

"But she's about half promised to Colonel de Laishe."

"Hang—er—that is, I should be sorry to be the cause of any disappointment to Colonel de Laishe. As the horse is only half promised to him, while I am here ready and waiting, suppose you forget that he ever asked."

"Well, I suppose we might, only it's Demonia, and—"

"What is Demonia? Who is Demonia? Can you make it convenient to talk sense for a little while?"

"Demonia is the mare, sir, and she's rightly named. She's killed two men, sir, and—"

"H'm! There ought to be a bond of sympathy between us, then," muttered the man, taking good care, instinctively, no doubt, to keep the words too low for the boy to understand them.

"And no one here but the colonel can drive her," concluded the boy.

"No one but the colonel drive!" ejaculated the man; "I'd like to know why? If there's any man in Bobunquedunk knows more about horses than I do, any man who has ridden them faster or further, any man who has driven more miles—in dark, or storm, or danger, over rough roads and rugged ones—I'd like to know it. As for Colonel Carlos de Laishe, I can teach that man more about horses than he ever knew."

"Perhaps so, but—"

"Can I have Demonia?"

"I—I think not."

"Can I have Demonia?" He reached over, suddenly, and laid something in the boy's hand.

"Yes, you can," said the boy.

Money! The greatest power the world has ever known. The agency which can make half-promises only idle words, and positive pledges even less. The argument which counts far more in this man's favor than all his boasted skill.

The night was almost perfect. The sky was clear. The moon was bright. The man took the road leading north—the road on which he was least likely to meet others in the night.

Demonia was ugly, almost from the very first, and a less skillful man would have turned about before he had gone a mile, returned to the stable with her, given her into the charge of the stable-boy, and gone to bed—a little earlier than usual, and earlier than he had intended—his heart too full of thankfulness at his escape from injury to leave any room for sullen hatred or bitter anger. But not so this man.

He asserted his authority, and the beast—scarcely less sullen than himself—was compelled to yield to the will-power of a being quicker and more alert than herself.

The man used the whip freely, even cruelly. He bore on the bit with an unchanging force which was wicked. He enjoyed all this—and the sense of power not less than anything else.

Over the bridge, narrow and unrailed; through a valley, where the road made abrupt and fantastic turns, and where the giant rocks almost thrust

their ragged edges into the roadway; along a narrow bench, with the tumultuous stream from the hills thundering and foaming below; under thickly shading trees, almost meeting overhead, through the branches of which the moonlight vainly struggled to pass; up on a naked ridge, now, with the whole diversified country—field and forest, valley and hill—for miles in every direction, lying calm and beautiful under the glory of the moonlight, while far away, on the very horizon's rim, was a wavering, changing, tossing line—the foamy edge of the mighty Atlantic; up hill and down, swift and yet swifter, but never swift enough for his hot thoughts—that was the way the man went—the man whose heart was filled with fierceness and passion—the man who drove Demonia.

He thought as he rode, and while much would have been incoherent and fragmentary, could one have listened to his thoughts—standing, as it were, on the very threshold of his soul—this is about the way his unspoken words took shape:

"She killed two men, did she?" and he gave the swift mare a cutting blow with the light lash; "she killed two men. I shall not be able to stop at one myself—not unless Fate stops playing me such fantastic tricks as this. Did I elect to come here, or did he? I thought I did. I think so yet, and still I am not sure he did not make the final decision after all. If he did—can he know? Is a dead-and-buried consciousness stirring in its grave in its injured brain? Is it possible that he saw some list of those who are spending the Summer here, and that the names touched some forgotten chord in the silence of his stricken soul? Can it be that he came because Ethel Atherton is here? or because Carlos de Laishe is? I would give much to know. But I dare not ask him. I would like to know whether the names of these two have been published in any newspaper as among the Summer residents at Bobunquedunk, and whether such a paper has fallen into the hands of my friend. If any such things have happened, I think I should have to decide that he, and not I, gave the decision regarding coming here. And then—there would be only one safe place to put him. I should put him there. I shall never let Paul Walldon tell what he—that is, what—well—what some one who used to live in his body knows about me—not if any crime, however black, or any cruelty, however cowardly, can prevent it."

"Who would have supposed that any one who ever knew him or me could have been found in such a hidden nook as this? I never should. If it is Fate—Fate has been too kind to me in the past for it to be quite right for me to repine. If it is God—but I don't believe in a God—I cannot well afford to."

"Pshaw! I mustn't give myself up to speculations. Psychology and theology are not in my line. Let me confine myself to facts, rather, and to the natural and human results which are likely to grow out of them."

"Colonel Carlos de Laishe is here. Curse Colonel Carlos de Laishe. He is the most thoroughly inquisitive and meddlesome man I ever knew. He knows—what is there he doesn't know, in his own estimation? Tell? Not he; he'll tell enough to whet curiosity, and then he'll stop short. My opinion is that he always tells all he knows, adds to it all he guesses, and only pauses in his devilishly exasperating manner when both fact and fancy have failed him. I can picture him at this moment, his long finger pointing at me, and his evil eyes taking in every change in my countenance, saying, earnestly: 'Know? What do I know of Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford? Nothing; absolutely nothing. He's the man who murdered—but I'm telling too much! The crime was never brought home to him; the murdered man's relatives were not quite so acute and farseeing as—as well, as they might have been. They gave the case up as a mystery, a good while ago, and it would be indelicate to run the risk of opening the wounds in their hearts afresh. Besides, the matter is none of my business—nor of yours.' I can see him shrug his shoulders. I can see him shut his spare jaws tightly together. There isn't a man in all the world I'd take more genuine pleasure in putting a half-dozen inches of cold steel into than this same Colonel Carlos de Laishe—not even Paul Walldon—not even Paul Walldon with his memory back again."

"And yet, the colonel doesn't know very much about me. He knows nothing which is very bad. And this is an age and a land in which suspicion and distrust don't count much. The old fool is quite as likely to help me as to harm me, I presume."

"Ethel Atherton! She is a most important factor in this problem. Is Walldon's theory regarding a man's habits and feelings a true one? Is memory a non-essential in the make-up of mind, and only a convenient thing to have? The way he has piled up money in Wall Street, in consideration of his life before, makes it look as though he's right—thoroughly and exactly right. Will love in a new life go over the same road it took in the old? Will the same face fascinate? Will the same voice charm? Will the same eyes and lips and form exert their nameless power? If so, Paul Walldon is going to remain here. He is going to fall in love with Ethel Atherton—or find he's in love with her already. There will be music and moonlight, just as there used to be, with all the possibilities of strange situations and sudden crises which the past has paved the way for. And if anything in all the universe will unlock the frozen memories of a man's mind, surely it will be the glances of the woman he loves—the woman he loved long ago—the woman who loved him once. But—let her smile prove stronger than the sunshine of Spring is to the snow, let her warmth melt the barriers which shut him from himself, let her once undo the doors between his past and his present—and I must be quick enough and brave enough (or cowardly enough) to undo all her work. I must shut for him the doors between

his present and any possible future—any possible future so far as this world is concerned—and I must do it finally and fully and for ever."

"Mrs. Thomas Gorton is here, too, so they say. I don't know that she counts for much. I don't think she does, or will, or can. She never knew me, nor I her. When Paul Walldon, the man who raved about her when disaster blotted out all the years between his boyhood and the time of the disaster, was under her husband's roof, she rarely saw him; she never met the nurse who took care of him. And, as for me, I don't look much like the man whose tender care brought Paul Walldon from the gates of death; there isn't a man in all the world to-day who does look much like him; there never will be a man again who will look like him—not unless a wig and other features of disguise should become safer for some one than the smooth face he has turned towards the world for the most of the years of his somewhat eventful life."

"I'm not making much progress in the one or two directions in which progress is so greatly to be desired, if not so absolutely essential. I have not yet found out who put Paul Walldon's wounded and senseless body on the night express. I haven't even a suspicion as to who did it. I have had a theory, for a good many years, to the effect that people will do anything, no matter how bad that thing may be, and no matter how good and respectable they may be, or wish to be considered as being, if the motive for doing it is only sufficiently strong. To be sure, I may not be a good judge—not a proper critic; it may be unwise and unfair to draw so general and so damaging a conclusion, largely because it would be undoubtedly true in my own case. So I've tried to look beyond and outside of myself; and experience and observation teach me that my theory is correct. If it is: who put Paul Walldon on the night express? Persons with a great and overpowering motive. Who were they? I don't know. What could their motive be? I cannot even guess."

"I suppose there's been a great deal of wonder given to the subject of the connection of the false John Tradd with the case of Paul Walldon. I wish all the rest were as simple as that is. I wonder if it would be, if I only held the key to it."

"Let me see. How does it go? A man disappears on his wedding-day—disappears utterly. Another man has an interest in him, a deep interest, a very peculiar interest. He must find him; there is no question about that."

"What does the man with the peculiar interest in the other man do? What can he do? He asks himself some simple questions. He gives himself some simple answers. 'Why did the man go?' 'Because he was compelled to.' 'Where?' 'In these days of telegraphs and great daily newspapers, keep your eyes open, and see if you cannot guess.' The man keeps his eyes open. He makes his guess. His guess is shrewd. His guess is correct. He finds the missing man, injured and almost dead, and learns how he came to be where he is—so far as those with whom he is know and can tell."

"Two doctors write a letter each to a celebrated nurse in New York. Servants are not above being bribed—not all of them—and the man who has so deep and absorbing an interest in the welfare of the other purchases the two precious missives, of the preparation of which he has heard the two physicians talk. One letter he destroys; at the proper time he answers it in person. The other letter he keeps, unopened and untampered with; at a period when he knows that the time element involved is such that he can afford to do so, he mails the letter; he takes a malicious pleasure in knowing that the real John Tradd will come; he gleefully wonders what complications will result from his coming; he's full of a happy wonder as to what sort of a looking person John Tradd really is, and what he will do and say when he finds out all about the frauds in which his innocent and undoubtedly highly respectable name has been so freely and infamously used. One of the chief regrets in the mind of the man whose interest in a fellow-man prompted him to take so much pains in his behalf is the fact that his wondering surmises regarding John Tradd are likely to end in wonder only—the fact that he will probably never know."

"A simple solution! Any man of sense ought to guess it. And yet I have no doubt there are some quite different theories, honest ones—to say nothing of those which are not honest."

He drew up the reins sharply. Demonia stopped. He had been riding more than an hour. He was more than ten miles from Bobunquedunk.

"I—I think I feel better. I think I shall be able to sleep to-night," he said, aloud; "I will go back. The ride has done me good—the ride and the thinking I have done. I will go quietly and slowly back. I will let Demonia rest a little on the return trip. She deserves it."

He pulled upon one rein, swinging horse and carriage slowly and gracefully around upon a broad and almost level stretch of greensward.

"Colonel Carlos de Laishe drive better than I!" he muttered. "I should like to see the man who can drive better than I can. I have thoroughly conquered Demonia, thoroughly; and finally let the way in which I have overcome her stand as a symbol for the way in which I shall overcome all other difficulties, and put all danger and opposition under my feet. Let—"

The carriage-wheel struck a stone. The man's power over the horse was lost for an instant, as the reins loosened—just a little. That moment was enough. The horse sprang high in the air, whirled swiftly around in a circle, and then sprang madly away from distant Bobunquedunk, free from all control, and as mad as ever a being devoid of human intelligence and brain-power can become.

The man was on the ground almost as soon as the beast made her first fierce spring, thankful for a short, swift second to believe that he was unhurt, and that his quickness and agility had saved him.

Then, as the angry animal dashed away towards her home, he knew the worst. The reins had caught around something about the buggy, lessening the pressure on Demonia's mouth, which would otherwise have been an element of hope in favor of the unfortunate man who had one of his ankles entangled in them, and who was down on his back, prone and helpless, hurrying towards Bobunquedunk with almost the speed of the wind.

A man thinks much and rapidly at such a time. It doesn't take long to go over the most important things in one's life, when one lies almost within the dreadful doors of death.

This man thought of the road back to Bobunquedunk, and of the awful journey it would be. He thought of the moonlight and the starlight, lying so peacefully and serene on the broad uplands—just as it would shine for all the uncounted ages through which earth and time should last, and after his hot heart and cunning brain had long been nothing but forgotten dust. He thought of the line of breakers, always as tireless and restless—though he were silent for ever. He thought of the shaded nooks under the forest arches—almost as dark as the grave to which he believed he was so surely and swiftly riding. He thought of the narrow roadway above the roaring stream, and wondered whether he would not find the end there. The valley, with its naked rocks, standing like keen teeth ready to bite, came to his mind, and he shuddered at the thought of how much harder all that would be to bear than what he was enduring now. He thought of the unrailed bridge—and then he thought of his boyhood, his youth, his manhood, his sins and his errors.

He tried to pray. He had forgotten how. Besides, he had no faith. His highest faith had been in himself, and he had lost that since he had failed to conquer Demonia.

"If—I—I—could only correct what Paul Walldon thinks I told him," he said grimly to himself, "I—I—I think I could die easier."

He found, suddenly, that he did not hate Paul Walldon—he only feared him. Paul Walldon had never harmed him—he only had the power, when the key should be found to unlock all the secret chambers of his brain, to do him harm. He had plotted against Paul Walldon, and followed him, and lived with him, and watched him—only to the end that his own life might be longer and safer. Now, if death were really at the end of this night's journey, he did not wish Paul Walldon ill. And he could see, as clearly as though the future had been revealed to him, that Paul Walldon's continued belief in his guilt of that crime of which he was really utterly innocent, and his union in marriage with Ethel Atherton, were two things which could not belong to the same life and experience.

And then—the reins broke; he was left alone in the road; the rushing footsteps of the rightly named mare grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and faded into silence. A great wave of darkness seemed to settle down from the sky and swallow him up. He knew nothing more until many hours after they had found him and carried him tenderly back to the hotel. The time during which he had been dragged had seemed almost infinite; it had really been only a few minutes. The distance from the place where he turned around for his homeward journey to the spot where they found him was barely an eighth of a mile.

They took Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford into the hotel, the guests standing silently by as he entered the doorway.

What did our friends—and others in whom we are interested—do? Let us see.

Miss Ethel Atherton drew her dress aside with a gesture of impatience and a look of loathing, as though it would have been contamination to have touched him.

Colonel Carlos de Laishe shrugged his shoulders and remarked to young Preston that he felt a genuine pity for a man who was conceited regarding his power over horses.

Paul Walldon followed the injured man straight to his room, more anxious than he could say—or I understand. Mrs. Thomas Gorton, as unknown by sight to Paul Walldon as though she had never crossed his path in life—at Bobunquedunk or anywhere else—followed too. The doctor's examination was a long one. His face was very serious when he was done.

"If we could have the very best care for him, the services of a thoroughly competent nurse, I think—that—there—"

Mrs. Thomas Gorton stepped forward, just the faintest flush upon her cheeks, and the slightest trace of embarrassment in tone and manner.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I think I know of the very man you wish. I do not know his present address, not positively, but I can tell you where to reach him."

And thereupon Mrs. Gorton gave them the New York address of Mr. John Tradd!

(To be continued.)

HARRISON MILLARD.

AMERICA is poor in musical composers, at least in so far as number is concerned. The great American opera is yet to be composed, and our really first-class song-writers may be easily counted upon one's ten fingers. They have, however, produced songs that are very dear to the country's heart, and of which it is justly proud. Amongst them all, none has oftener or more skillfully struck the sympathetic chord than the subject of this brief sketch, whose portrait will be recognized and welcomed everywhere—Mr. Harrison Millard.

Mr. Millard was born in Boston. His early predilection for music was not at first encouraged by his parents; but at the age of twenty years he was enabled to go to Italy, with the purpose of preparing himself for a career as a singer. He spent three years there, studying under the great masters Romani, Mercadante and Masetti. His first débüt as a concert and oratorio

singer were successfully made in Italy; and upon his return to Boston his services were at once sought by the Handel and Haydn Society, at whose oratorio concerts the young tenor speedily established his high position. In 1858, Mr. Millard took up his residence in New York; and he has ever since been enrolled with our metropolitan celebrities.

Mr. Millard's famous and stirring "Viva l'America," the first of a splendid series of patriotic songs, was written in 1859; but when the war broke out, two years later, the composer demonstrated the genuineness of his martial spirit by enlisting in the army of the Union. After two months' service in the ranks, he was commissioned captain in the Nineteenth Regulars. He served with honor through the four years, and received a severe wound at Chickamauga. A position was procured for him in the New York Custom-house, where, during a decade or more, he occupied a desk. At the reunions of the Army of the Cumberland, Colonel Millard is always feted by his old comrades, who sing his songs with tremendous enthusiasm and effect.

Mr. Millard's career as composer, singer and teacher is well known to the world, and we trust that it is still very far from its termination. For a catalogue of his compositions a volume would be required. His original ballads and descriptive songs alone number several hundreds, for many of which he has written the words as well as the music; and he has translated from foreign sources no less than five hundred lyrics. He has made voluminous and notable contributions to the sacred music of the day. In a more ambitious line, he has composed a grand opera on the subject of Mosenthal's "Leah"; while his charming little parlor operetta, "Two Can Play at That Game," has been published, and is very popular.

The melodic inspiration of our favorite composer is rich, dreamy and poetic while his style is usually classic and chaste. His instrumental arrangements, as well as his accompaniments, are models. And yet, favorite as he is in the concert-room and the parlor, he has again and again captivated the popular ear by some simple or spirited melody, set to telling words. A few titles, taken at random, will illustrate, from the number of favorites one recognizes amongst them, what an enviable place Millard holds in the hearts of the world: "Waiting," "When the Tide Comes In," "Under the Daisies," "Baby Mine," "If You Love Me, Tell Me So," "Flag of the Free," "Don't be Sorryful, Darling," "Parting," "Dreaming," "Watching," "Longing," "Return," "The Blue and the Gray," "In the Valley," "The Pilot," "The Love Bird," "Say Not Farewell," "If I Were What the Rose Is," "One Summer Night," "Remember or Forget," etc., etc.

Mr. Millard's handsome person and genial, courtly manners are known to a very extensive circle of friends and acquaintances. He is a widower, with an interesting family of children growing up about him, one of whom, his sixteen-year-old daughter Marie, made her public debut as a singer, last December, at Chickering Hall, in the part of *Adalgisa*, in "Norma."

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER.

HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, G.C.M.G. (1886), K.C.M.G. (1879), C.B. (1867), M.D.; L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, was born on the 2d of July, 1821. He is an M.A. and D.C.L. of Acadia College, Nova Scotia. He is Governor of Dalhousie College, Halifax (appointed by Act of Parliament in 1862); was President of the Canadian Medical Association from its formation (1876) until 1870, when he declined re-election. He was a member of the Executive Council and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia from 1857 to 1860, and from 1863 to the 30th of June, 1867, and Prime Minister of that Province from 1864 until he retired from office with his Government, on the Union Act coming into force, on the 1st of July, 1867; he was a delegate on public business from the Nova Scotia Government, 1858 and 1865, and from the Dominion Government, March, 1868; leader of the delegation from Nova Scotia to the Union Conference at Charlottetown, 1864; to that in Quebec in the same year, and to the final Colonial Conference in London to complete terms of Union in 1866-67; he holds patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Executive Council of Nova Scotia; was sworn as a Privy Councillor of Canada, June, 1870, and was President of that body from that date until the 1st of July, 1872, when he was appointed Minister of Inland Revenue, which office he held until the 22d of February, 1873, when appointed Minister of Customs. He resigned office with Sir John Macdonald, in November, 1873, and was appointed, on the return of Sir John to power, Minister of Public Works, in October, 1878, and Minister of Railways and Canals in 1879. He has represented the County of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, in Parliament for thirty years—in the Nova Scotia Assembly from 1855 until the Confederation in 1867, and in the Commons of Canada from that year until 1884, when he resigned his seat in Parliament, and was appointed High Commissioner for Canada in London. He was appointed by the Dominion Government Executive Commissioner for Canada of the Antwerp Exhibition, 1885, and of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886, of which he was also appointed Royal Commissioner by the Queen. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Law (Cambridge), and the same day had conferred on him the honorary freedom of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers of London. Just previous to the Federal elections of February, 1887, he re-entered the Cabinet as Finance Minister, which position he retains.

The following are some of the measures which were introduced and carried in the Legislature of Nova Scotia by Sir Charles: The Jury Law; the Education Act, providing free schools; the Equity Judge Act; the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Act; the Representation Bill; the Executive and Legislative Disabilities Act (the first Act passed by any of the Provinces prohibiting dual representation); an Act reducing the number of members in the Legislature from fifty-five to thirty-eight on entering the Union; and an Act abolishing the offices of Financial Secretary and Solicitor-general, thereby largely reducing the expenditure for the public service. He also moved the resolution for the union of the maritime Provinces in 1864, under which delegates were sent to Charlottetown in that year, and the resolution authorizing delegates to be sent to London to arrange the terms for the union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Canada, 1866. Among the measures he introduced into the Federal Parliament are the Weights and Measures Act; the Act prohibiting the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors in the Northwest Territory; the Consolidation Railway Act in 1879; the Act granting a

charter to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, 1881, under which this great transcontinental railway was completed in 1886; the Act supplementing the above by which the Canadian Pacific Railroad obtained a loan of \$30,000,000, enabling them to finish the road some years before the contract time expired; the Railway Subsidies Act of 1883-4; an Act respecting an agreement between the Province of British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada; the Customs Act of 1887, inaugurating a policy of protection and promotion of the manufacture of iron and steel.

In the Summer of 1887, returning to England, he succeeded in obtaining a subsidy of £45,000 sterling a year from Her Majesty's Government for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Line of Steamships between Vancouver, Yokohama, Shanghai and Hong Kong.

THE SCHOOL-BUILDING DISASTER AT HARLEM.

THE collapse of a half-built Roman Catholic parochial school-building, in East One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, Harlem, New York city, on Monday of last week, resulted in the death of eight persons, including Father Kirner, the priest whose well-meant but misdirected haste in pushing the work of construction was the primary cause of the disaster. The materials used do not appear to have been defective; but Father Kirner, who personally superintended the work to save expense, had not sufficient practical knowledge for the responsibility which he assumed. Moreover, the permit from the Superintendent of Buildings had extended only to the erection of a two-story building, whereas four stories had been erected in the rear, and the fourth was being rapidly run up at the centre when the accident occurred. In further disregard of constituted authority, the side and rear walls had been built four stories high, while the front wall remained only a few inches above the foundations—the law prohibiting the building of any wall or walls more than two stories in advance of any other wall. The walls crashed down without warning, in much the same manner as did those put up by the notorious Buddensiek, two or three years ago. Five laborers and a Swedish carpenter were taken dead from the ruins. Father Kirner, and a boy in the adjoining blacksmith shanty, which was crushed by the fall of the building, were so badly injured that they died on the Wednesday following. Captain Hooker, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, ordered the arrest of Inspector of Buildings William J. Martin and Foreman Kelly, who built the two first stories of the fallen house. They will be obliged to make a statement to the coroner and furnish \$1,500 bail. Martin has been discharged by the Executive Board of the Department of Public Buildings, for neglect of duty in failing to report that the work on the school-building had been unlawfully proceeded with. Father Emilinus Kirner, the dead priest, was born in Ireland, of German parents, fifty-one years ago. He was educated in Rome. Three years ago he was requested to come to New York to take charge of the Mission of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. He accepted the call and succeeded in placing the mission on a solid financial basis, erecting a magnificent edifice a few feet away to the east of the fallen school-building. The dead father was a quiet, unassuming man, much beloved by his parishioners, who are all Italians.

OHIO'S BATTLE MONUMENTS.

IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of the date of September 10th, a picture was given of the monument of the Fourth Infantry Regiment of Ohio, on the battlefield of Gettysburg. This was the first memorial erected there by that State. It has since been followed by nearly a score of others, two of which we illustrate this week on page 173. They commemorate respectively the positions of Battery I, First Ohio Artillery, and the Fifty-fifth Ohio Infantry. The historic field is becoming thickly studded with carefully placed memorials, so that the principal operations of the three-days' fight may be readily traced.

MR. CHILDS'S GIFT TO STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE Shakespeare memorial fountain, presented by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, at a cost of \$60,000, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the 17th inst. A large number of distinguished persons, including United States Minister Phelps, attended the dedication. The weather was fine, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Dr. Macaulay represented Mr. Childs at the proceedings. Just before noon the invited guests formed in line and marched to the Town Hall, and thence to the site of the fountain. Mr. Henry Irving read a poem written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and made the dedication speech. He said he admired Mr. Childs's public spirit and energy, which were worthy of Philadelphia. His generous deeds were widely known, and he was greatly respected. Mr. Irving concluded his address by presenting the memorial in the name of the donor, to the town. The Mayor read a letter from Mr. James Russell Lowell eulogizing Mr. Childs for his gift, which deed recalled the fact of the kindred blood of two great nations which are joint heirs to the work of Shakespeare's genius. Sir E. Cunliffe Owen also made some remarks as a personal friend of Mr. Childs. "Hail Columbia" was sung, and cheers were given for the Queen and President Cleveland. A luncheon at the Town Hall followed the ceremonies. The day was observed as a holiday, and the whole town was *en fête*. The procession from the Town Hall to the fountain was led by the municipal authorities. The memorial combines drinking-fountains for men, cattle and dogs, and a four-dial clock, to be illuminated at night and furnished with musical chimes. It is built of polished Scotch granite and Yorkshire freestone, and is about fifty feet in height.

While the proceedings were in progress the following telegram was received from the Queen: "I am much gratified by your kind and loyal expressions, and am pleased to hear of the handsome gift of Mr. Childs to Stratford."

JAPANESE RAILWAY STATISTICS.

ACCORDING to the report of the Japanese Railway Department, the total mileage of railways constructed and brought into working order since March, 1869, is 370, of which 209 miles are Government property, and 161 miles belong to private companies. The total sum actually expended on the lines in operation amounts to \$21,837,084, of

which \$16,897,104 were spent in Government lines, and \$4,557,229 in private lines. The net profit obtained on the former was 6.2 and upon the latter 10.26 per cent. In both cases the working expenses are the same, viz., 45.3 per cent. of the gross earnings. The cause of the better result obtained in respect to private lines is that these have been constructed at much smaller expense than the Government roads. The average cost per mile in the latter was \$79,925; that in private roads, \$26,519. In both cases the roads were constructed by the Railway Department, the private company supplying the funds until the line was in working order. The cost of construction of the two earliest Japanese railways averaged \$145,820 per mile, while the cost of the latest line was only \$20,239 per mile. The Minister points out that this is purely due to unavoidable initial expenditure in connection with any enterprise. Railway work in Japan is now being carried on by Japanese engineers wholly without foreign assistance. During the three years ending 1886 the rate of construction was 61 miles annually, and during the three years prior to 1863 it was 36 miles; before 1880 it was only 5 miles, and before 1877, 9 miles, per annum, showing enormously increased activity since 1880.

KRUPP'S BIGGEST GUNS.

SOME idea of the size of Krupp's biggest gun may be gained by a description of the means supplied for its transportation. The railway truck, built expressly for this purpose, was seventy-five feet long, with thirty-two wheels and sixteen axles; but its length could form bendings at six points, to pass round curves on the line of rails; this carriage, without its load, weighed ninety-six tons. The gun, which weighs one hundred and eighteen tons, is forty-five feet long, and its internal calibre is nearly sixteen inches, rifled with ninety-two spiral turns. It throws a steel projectile weighing nearly one ton, with a charge of six hundred-weight of brown prismatic powder, having an initial velocity of six hundred and fourteen yards in a second, and a range of nearly eight miles; the shot can penetrate a steel armor plate thirty-six inches thick immediately at the mouth of the gun, and a plate of twenty-nine inches thick, it has been estimated, at the distance of a mile or more. It is believed that no armor-plated ship in the world can endure the fire of such powerful guns. Krupp's factory, however, is now engaged in making two of still larger dimensions.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quicksilver in the year 1647.

TO MAKE a moisture-proof glue, dissolve sixteen ounces of glue in three pints of skimmed milk. A little powdered lime will increase its strength.

IN the exhibition at Havre (says *Nature*) there is an interesting collection of specimens of poisonous fishes. Some are poisonous when eaten, others are merely venomous. Among the first are many sparoids, a tetraodon and many clupea, which are abundant near the Cape of Good Hope. In the Japan Sea is found a very peculiar tetraodon, which is sometimes used as a means of suicide. It produces sensations like those produced by morphia, and finally death.

THE experiment of fishing with electric lamps inclosed in glass globes as a lure to the prey has not as yet proved a success. A vessel thus equipped recently made a cruise to the Isle of Man. The lamps were sunk with the beam of the net to the depth of forty or fifty fathoms, the glass globe having been three-eighths of an inch thick, but the pressure of the water was too great for the glass, which broke, and the lights went out. Experiments with stronger glass are to be made.

THE photographer's lens is more discerning than the naked eye. A recent photograph of a figure-painting by an American artist shows (says the *Philadelphia Record*) that a woman's gown was first painted a hue and texture very different from that finally chosen, the underlying brushwork appearing plainly in the photograph, though not seen by the most attentive observer of the original picture. In like manner photography reveals stars that to the human eye are not distinguishable from nebulous matter.

THE process of making the wood carpet now coming into common use is comparatively simple, although it must be done with exactitude. Carefully adjusted saws strip the lumber into the desired thickness and width, the latter differing according to the work required. The stuff is then subjected to the saws that cut it out in the proper shape for inlaying, to form the fabric and figure of the carpet. This must be done with much particularity, as each of the multifarious pieces must exactly fit. The arrangement of the pieces and the gluing of them is done by boys, and looks like slow work, but yards are thus woven with fair celerity. Canvas is glued on one side to give strength to the fabric. The carpet is then subjected to sandpaper, and is finally finished with hard oil.

LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINDLAY, Assistant Chief Signal Officer, United States Army, has been superintending at Troy the completion and testing of a new helio-telegraph instrument of which he is the inventor. The machine is applicable to any code, and the arrangements are such as to preclude an error in the sending or receiving of a dispatch without gross negligence on the part of the operator. It consists of a double mirror by day or two powerful lights by night, arranged at the ends of a bar. The flashes are made by keys and levers, a dot being sent by a single light and a dash by two lights combined. The instrument combines the telescope level and signaling apparatus in one, instead of the separate instruments heretofore in use. Modifications of the instrument fit it for use in fortifications and in coast-survey work.

AN Austrian paper claims that the first lightning-rod was constructed by a monk in Bohemia. The apparatus which he set up in the garden of the Curate of Prenditz in 1754 was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod supporting twelve curved-up branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes, filled with iron ore and closed by a boxwood cover, traversed by twenty-seven sharp iron points which plunged at their base in the ore. All the system was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Diwisch, jealous of his success at the Court of Vienna, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that it was the cause of the great drought, they made him take down the lightning-rod, which he had utilized for six years. What is most curious is the form of this first lightning-rod, which was of multiple points, like the one which M. Melsen afterwards invented.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE homeless outcasts of Trafalgar Square, London, became riotous last week, and several fights with the police occurred.

ONE THOUSAND lives were lost in a fire at Hankow, China, recently, and property destroyed to the value of 2,000,000 taels.

THE new Italian military expedition to Abyssinia, which is expected to make the redoubtable Ras-Alula tremble, left Naples on the 20th inst.

THE police of Constantinople are closing all liquor shops kept by Europeans on the ground that they are demoralizing the Turkish people.

NEARLY one hundred indictments have been found against the officials and other persons who were concerned in the wrecking of the Fidelity Bank in Cincinnati.

CHINA has applied to the German army authorities for officers to instruct and organize the Chinese army, and the Emperor has consented to allow officers to go there.

THE International Military Encampment at Chicago closed last week. The experiment was interesting, but too costly to succeed. Ill luck attended its latter days, and the concern went into the hands of a receiver.

THE sum of \$2,122 has been subscribed for the purpose of erecting a monument in Chicago to commemorate the bravery of the policemen who were killed and wounded in the Haymarket riot of May, 1886. The fund will be greatly increased.

THE Niger districts in West Africa, including the coast line between Lagos and the western bank of the Rio del Rey and the Niger Company's land, have been taken under British protection—in other words, have been grabbed by that omnivorous Power.

THE General Meade monument, erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was dedicated on the 18th inst. with imposing ceremonies, a large number of distinguished persons being in attendance. The cost of the statue and pedestal was about \$30,000.

THE annual report of the Chief Signal Officer shows that about 73 per cent. of the weather forecasts during the past year have been verified. Of a total of 1,510 storm signals of all kinds ordered during the year, 1,034, or 68.5 per cent. were verified. Of the cold-wave signals sent out, 78.6 per cent. were verified.

It is stated in London that Mr. John Jameson, of the *Irex*, has communicated with the New York Yacht Club, declaring his intention to compete for the America Cup next year. It is reported that Mr. Jameson has already given orders for the building of his vessel, it being his intention that the designer, builder and crew shall be Irish.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has postponed hearing the argument in the Virginia *habeas corpus* cases until next month, and in the meantime has released the Attorney-general and the District Attorney, who were committed for contempt by Judge Bond, on their own recognizances in \$1,000 each to appear in court at the appointed time.

THE Governor of Arizona estimates the population of the Territory at 90,000, an increase of nearly 50,000 over the census estimates of 1880. The aggregate assessed valuation of the taxable property for the present year is \$26,313,500, an increase of nearly \$6,000,000 over 1880. The rate of Territorial taxation this year has been lessened 1 mill. In the last year 137 miles of new railroad have been built, making 1,050 miles now in operation in the Territory.

THE annual report of Caleb W. West, Governor of Utah Territory, estimates the population of the Territory at nearly 200,000, and the assessed taxable valuation of property at \$35,865,865. The commercial affairs of the Territory are said to be in a prosperous condition, and the agricultural products abundant and of excellent grade. Over 500,000 head of cattle are owned in the Territory, and the industry is rapidly improving. Horses and sheep are raised in great numbers.

THE Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* announces the discovery of a batch of exceedingly interesting letters and manuscripts written by John Howard Payne, while he was in hiding—about 1851—prior to his departure for Tunis, to assume Consulship duties there. The manuscripts passed into the possession of a prominent journalist, now dead, and were by him given to the manager of one of the Boston papers. They will soon be given to the public, with suitable notes of information.

THE reports of the Postal Service are said to be, financially, highly favorable. The successive reductions of the rates of postage and the raising of the weight of letters that may be sent under a single 2-cent stamp from half an ounce to an ounce have been followed by an increase of business, especially at the larger offices, which gives promise that the Postal Service will speedily attain a self-supporting basis. The expected deficit of \$4,700,000 will not, it is believed, exceed the sum of \$3,500,000.

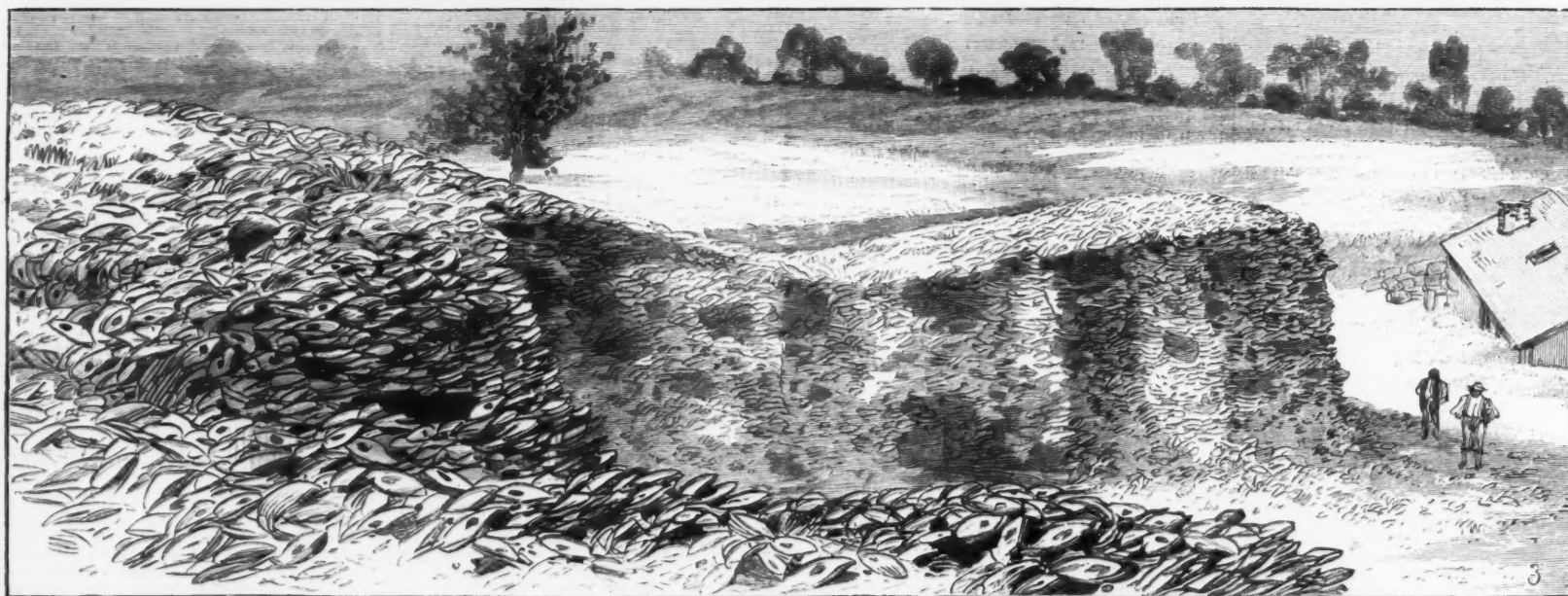
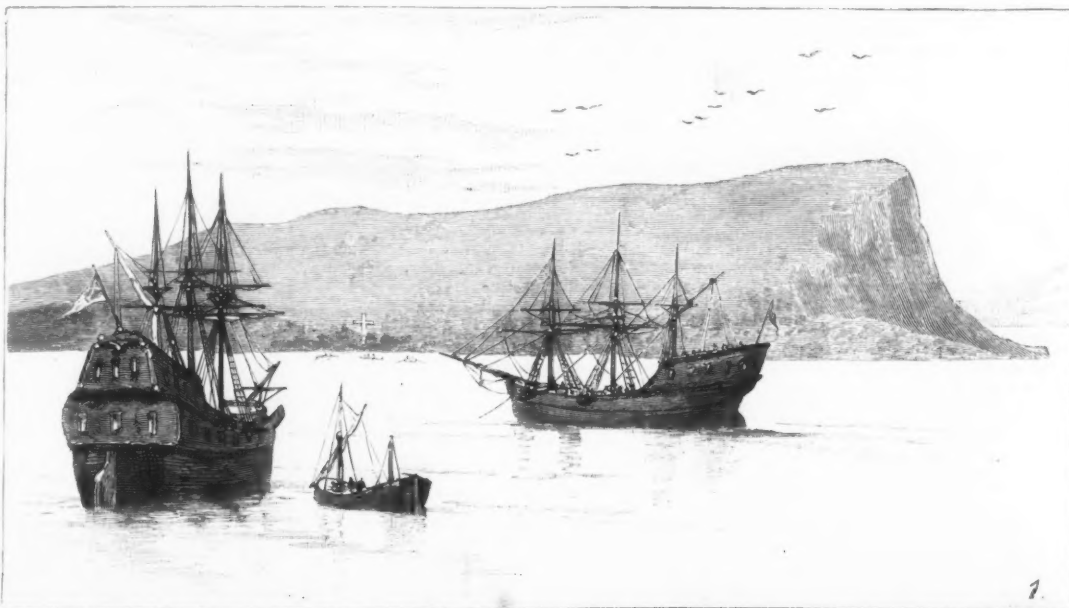
THE Congress of the Liberal Federation, held at Nottingham, last week, resolved unanimously that when the Irish question was settled the disestablishment of the Church in Wales should be made the leading point of the policy of the Liberal party. The Congress also adopted a resolution in favor of a reform of the franchise so that one man shall have only one vote. Resolutions heartily welcoming Mr. Gladstone, expressing confidence in his leadership, and declaring that the Congress anticipated an early settlement of the Irish question on the lines of the ex-Premier's policy, were unanimously carried amid tremendous cheering.

ATLANTA welcomed President Cleveland and his wife most gallantly last week; but the traditional "Cleveland weather" failed the loyal Georgians, and their military parade, sham battle, etc., were carried out in the midst of a phenomenally heavy rainfall. The Presidential party proceeded by special train to Montgomery, Ala., arriving there on Thursday morning. They enjoyed a fine reception, and the city presented Mrs. Cleveland with an elegant and unique silver jewel-case, fashioned to imitate a bale of cotton in miniature. The President addressed 20,000 people at the Fair Grounds; and immediately afterwards the party took train for Washington. Within the brief period of ten days, the travelers had experienced the hospitalities of all sections of the country between Minneapolis, where snow actually fell upon them, and Montgomery, where banana-trees were growing in the open air. They now turned their faces for the home run of forty-two hours, which landed them safe in Washington.

HISTORIC MONHEGAN ISLAND, IN MAINE.

ONE of the most attractive places on the beautiful coast of Maine is the Island of Monhegan. This rocky island rises ten miles from Pemaquid, which is the nearest mainland. It rises from the ocean to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. In many places the shores are precipitous, giving a fine view of the ocean, islands and mainland from Penobscot Bay to Kennebec River. The ruins of the ancient houses are still to be seen, and occasional relics are dug up from them, where they have reposed for two hundred and fifty years. King James sent out Captain George Weymouth in the ship *Archangel*, from England, who in May, 1605, anchored his vessel on the north side of Monhegan Island. Captain Weymouth went on shore and took possession in the name of King James, setting up a cross in token that he meant to establish there the Christian religion. In August 1607, Captain George Popham, in a ship called the *Gift of God*, landed on the island, finding the cross Captain Weymouth had previously erected. The next day after their arrival was Sunday, and the ship's company went ashore on Monhegan, and here beside the cross was preached the first sermon in New England. In 1614, Captain John Smith, whose life Pocahontas saved, came from Virginia with two ships, and landed on Monhegan. He fished about there until he secured a cargo of fish and furs, for which he traded with the natives and then sailed for England.

There have been certain marks found on the rocks of Monhegan which are thought by some to show that the Norwegians who peopled Iceland and Greenland also visited the coast of Maine as early as the year 990. From the island the White Mountains can



be plainly seen on a clear day in the northwest, and in the northeast loom up the Camden Hills. Monhegan is about three miles long and a mile wide, and many tourists now seek rest and health on this quiet and romantic island of the sea.

REMARKABLE OYSTER-SHELL DEPOSITS.

For a number of years persons interested in scientific questions have visited the Oyster-shell Heaps, situated on both banks of the Damariscotta River, in Maine, just above the villages of Newcastle and Damariscotta, and quite an interest has been taken in trying to solve the problem of their origin. Sewall, in his "Ancient Dominions of Maine," says on the subject: "The rim of the lower basin of the head-waters of the Damariscotta, whose regurgitating tides receive and empty the overleaping waters of the fresh pond above, in detached places is wharfed off by the successive aggregation of the shells of the oyster, exhibiting different stages of decomposition. Over two centuries ago the deposits here were noted in the records of the earliest European residents as the 'great banks of oyster-shells,' and were then remarkable features on the face of the earth. The basin-margins on both sides of the river are heaped, covering an area of several rods, twelve to fifteen feet deep." Dr. Jackson, State Geologist, has given a description of the same remarkable vestiges. He found "the shells of the oyster disposed in regular layers, perfectly preserved and whitened with the action of the weather, but which, when exposed to the action of the frost, crumbled into a fine shell marl." The general belief, he adds, is "that the shells were heaped up there by the

1. SHIPS "GIFT OF GOD" AND "MARY AND JANE" AT MONHEGAN ISLAND IN 1607 (FROM AN OLD PRINT). 2. ISLAND OF MONHEGAN. 3. DAMARISCOTTA OYSTER SHELL DEPOSITS. 4. MONHEGAN LIGHTHOUSE.

MAINE.—MONHEGAN ISLAND AND THE OYSTER-SHELL DEPOSITS OF DAMARISCOTTA.

FROM PHOTOS. BY J. C. HIGGINS & SON.



CANADA.—SIR CHARLES TUPPER, MEMBER OF THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

PHOTO. BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 171.



NEW YORK CITY.—HARRISON MILLARD, THE POPULAR AMERICAN COMPOSER.

PHOTO. BY SARONY.—SEE PAGE 170.

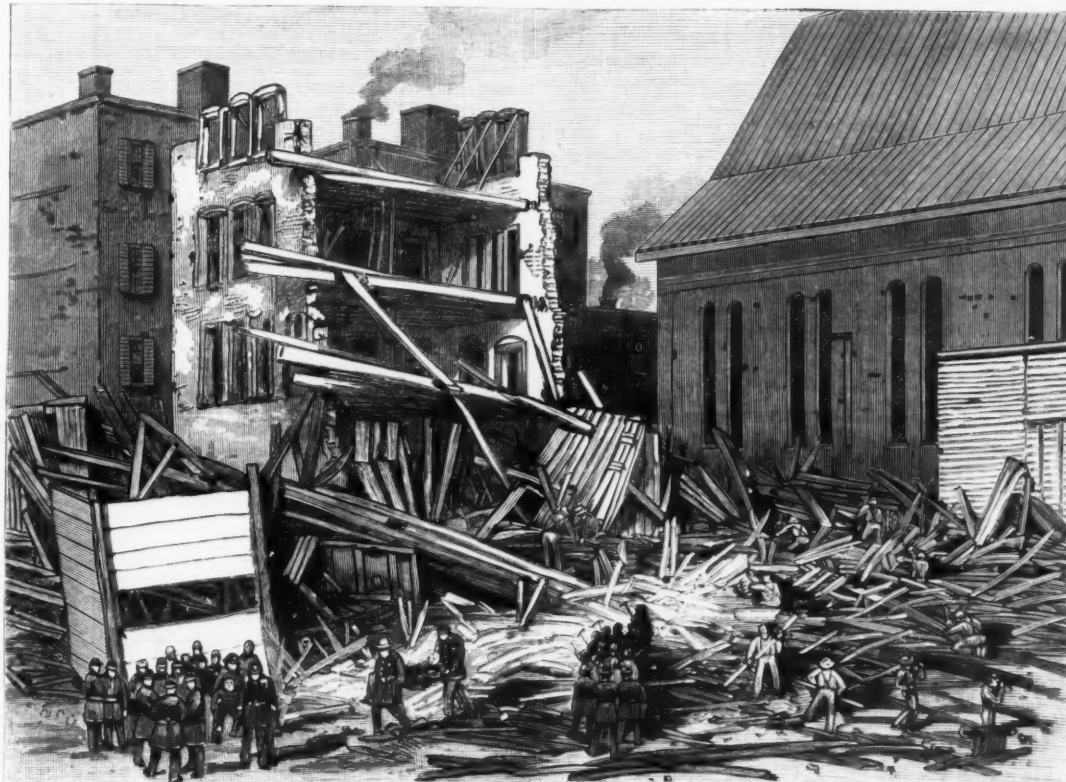


NEW YORK.—COL. ANDREW D. BAIRD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

PHOTO. BY PEARSALL.

ancient Indians who formerly frequented the spot. Human remains, fragments of human art and of weapons of war of bone manufacture have been exhumed from these deposits." It was the judgment of the State Geologist that for two centuries no burial had been made in this cemetery of an extinct people. The facts leave no doubt that the deposition of shell-offal above described was the work of human hands more than two centuries ago, when the same features marked this site of ancient ruin.

Such are the facts distinguishing the mysterious vestiges of the aboriginal Ped-coke-gowke. It is the romantic theory of Sewall that these oyster-banks mark the site of Norumbega, the lost city of which De Costa has written so fascinatingly. Historian Sewall believes that this was the seat of the dominions of the Bashaba, the King of the Wa-we-noe race, who ruled over the region from the Penobscot to the Merrimac, and of whose existence Gorges heard the best account. According to Sewall's theory, the first shells were thrown down here by Scandinavians who came to our shores nearly five hundred years before the arrival of Columbus, and the tall piles were accumulated in hundreds of years of dining. The story told by the high and grim cliffs of shells casts the gastronomical statistics of a modern clambake altogether into the shade. All antiquarians, however, do not agree with Sewall's ideas. They think the Indians used to come here at intervals, have a big festival, pile up the oyster-shells and wander away. Mr. Gamage, who has been employed by



NEW YORK CITY.—THE COLLAPSE OF THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL-BUILDING IN EAST ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH STREET—POLICEMEN SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF DEAD AND INJURED.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 171.

hundred years old. They may be a thousand years old. The earliest view of these shell-heaps was that they were natural deposits and evidences of the elevation of the coastline. Investigation has proven that they are not the production of nature by any upheaval, but are the work of man. If they were natural deposits, there would be a large number of species, some of them not edible, and all kinds would be mixed together, but the oysters and clams would be mated; yet these shell-heaps consist wholly of edible bivalves, and are not mated. Again, broken bones and remains of beasts are found among the shells. These shell-heaps also prove that the race which made them was a race of cannibals. Many human bones are found in the shell-heaps with the bones of birds and beasts. Perhaps these men were Esquimaux. This is believed, first, from the Esquimaux characteristics found in the skulls; and second, from the scarcity of metallic and stone implements found."

A. J.

COL. ANDREW D. BAIRD.

COL. ANDREW D. BAIRD, the Republican nominee for Mayor of Brooklyn, was born in Kelso, Scotland, in October, 1839, and came to this country some thirty years ago. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the Union Army, and was three times promoted for gallantry in action. At the close of



PENNSYLVANIA.—MONUMENT OF BATTERY I, 1ST OHIO ARTILLERY, AT GETTYSBURG.

SEE PAGE 171.

the Peabody Museum to secure relics, writes of one heap measured by him, that "it was three hundred and forty-seven feet long, and in width one hundred and twenty-six feet, the depth of shell varying from four to twenty feet." He adds: "There is no doubt that this is the work of human hands, and that it is very ancient. It appears that this heap was abandoned before the first white traders came to this continent, as no account of an iron tool of any description, or any other thing that would indicate the presence of white men during the formation of this heap, has ever been found. This heap is composed principally of oyster-shells of what would be classed the long or cluster variety, mostly large, with small oysters attached to the larger ones. The shells seldom appear in pairs, and they seem to lie on the side instead of upon edge, which indicates that they were thrown down at one time. Shells have been found fourteen inches in length and three inches in breadth. Occasionally the shell of a quahog clam is found, and a few shells of other kinds of shellfish common in the waters of this river at the present day. Fragments of bones of various animals have been found among the shells. There appears in this heap a certain line of leaf-mold and broken shells, with scattering spots of ashes, like the remains of camp-fires. Below this line the shells appear to be older. The pottery fragments below the line are not so well finished as above, and the rim of the pottery from below stands almost straight, while in that above, the rim rolls out and is sometimes much ornamented on its inside, the ornament being in the form of network with little V-shaped marks. Rocks showing the marks of fire are quite numerous. There are many heaps of shells in the fields and pastures on both sides of the river for half a mile in either direction. No doubt oysters grew in the river in the near vicinity, as many shells are found in its bed in various places. Some forty years ago heavy ship-timber was cut from trees that grew on the shell-heaps on the west bank of the river, and many old rotted stumps still remain, some of which are four feet in diameter."

Professor Edwin S. Morse, of Salem, Mass., says: "It is impossible to speak with certainty as to the age of the shell-heaps. We are quite sure that they are over two



PENNSYLVANIA.—MONUMENT OF THE 55TH OHIO INFANTRY AT GETTYSBURG.

the war he held the rank of colonel. He has been for years engaged in the brownstone business, and now has seven hundred men in his employ. His relations with his employees have always been of the happiest character. He has never held any other elective office than that of Alderman, in which he displayed capacity and constant fidelity to the public interests. He was nominated for the Mayoralty without any solicitation on his part, and accepted the candidacy only in obedience to a sense of public duty. If elected he will give the people of Brooklyn an honest and efficient administration.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. DOMESTIC.

A NEW trial has been refused to the Chicago "boodlers," and they will have to go to prison unless some new method of delay is discovered.

A UNION ticket was last week nominated by Tammany and the County Democracy of New York. Colonel John R. Fellows is named for District Attorney, and Mr. Martine for the Additional Criminal Court Judge.

TWENTY-SIX passengers were injured in a smash-up on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, near Charlestown, W. Va., on Thursday last week. On the same day two persons were killed and ten injured by a collision of a freight and a passenger train near Greenville, S. C.

APPLICATION was made, last week, to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of error in the case of the Chicago Anarchists. Considerable alarm is said to have been occasioned in Chicago by reports that an attempt will be made to rescue the condemned on or before the day fixed for their execution. Extraordinary precautions have been adopted to prevent an outbreak.

CHARLES G. FRANKLYN, President of the Horn Silver Mining Company and formerly agent of the Cunard steamships, was last week arrested and locked up in Ludlow Street Jail in default of \$500,000 bail, in a suit brought by his first cousin, Sir Bache Cunard, to recover \$3,000,000, which, it is alleged, Franklyn wrongfully converted to his own use while acting as his cousin's American representative.

THE Universalist General Convention, held in New York last week, adopted resolutions declaring total abstinence from intoxicating liquors the only safe and correct practice for individuals; approving of all efforts for the total suppression of the liquor saloon; declaring against all attempts by legislation or otherwise to desecrate the Sabbath by opening saloons or places of amusement, and deprecating any effort to disturb the public-school system for sectarian purposes.

FOREIGN.

THE steamer *Great Eastern* has been sold in London for \$105,000.

THE Spanish Government has abandoned the passport system in Cuba.

ELEVEN THOUSAND soldiers destined for Massowah will leave Italy during the first three weeks in November.

THE British Government has had the verdict of willful murder rendered by the coroner's jury against the policemen who did the shooting at Mitchellstown quashed in a Dublin court.

ACCORDING to advices from Merv, Ayoub Khan has assumed the direction of the insurgents in Afghanistan. Deserters from Pundjeh report that he is preparing a revolt in Herat and Afghan Turkestan.

THE Irish Nationalists continue to hold meetings in the proclaimed districts, in nearly every case baffling the police. One recent meeting was held at midnight and attended by thousands. The police and military, having been deceived as to the place of meeting, did not arrive on the scene until the next day.

EXCAVATIONS in Jerusalem on ground belonging to the Russian Government have resulted in the discovery of remains of the ancient town wall and the position of the gates of the town during the lifetime of the Saviour, through which He passed to Golgotha. Grand Duke Sergius, President of the Palestine Society, invites subscriptions to a fund for the purpose of preserving the relics.

IRISH PEAT BOGS AND BEGGARS.

A TOURIST correspondent writes to the *Springfield Republican* as follows concerning the peat bogs of Ireland: "There are low-lying fields where the turf has been compacted by time until the best or blackest peat is well along towards a coal formation. This substance is cut with a long, sharp spade into little blocks that are left to dry in the sun; and the present drought has given the best season for curing peat that this land has had for a score of years. Each little cabin has its pile of peat as symmetrically arranged as a New England wood-pile. The tenants on the estates are permitted to cut peat sufficient for their own modest wants. We saw the inside of several cabins, with their turf fire, the little black pot, the table, a chair or two, and the dresser or shelves, with the pathetically small, carefully cherished array of china. There is one room or more, with the contracted loft above, the pigs, chickens and cow in the front yard—and here Patrick or Michael rears his sturdy brood. These are the 'bog-trotters.' The mother will gladly sell you a glass of milk with a dash of whisky or 'potheen' in it—drink fit for a king. The children—well, they will probably run tirelessly after the traveler, holding out appealingly little bunches of wild flowers, and the mongrel dog of the family races in the midst of the group, barking and taking the liveliest general interest in the proceedings. The little beggars are rosy, quick-witted and very ragged, but the neat national schoolhouses that stand at fixed intervals along the way are teaching these children how to read."

THE IRISH TENANT-RIGHT LAW.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, in a recent interview with a gentleman who has spent some time in Ireland, was informed that the people "are building a great number of small houses in Ireland, sometimes with slate roofs, sometimes with thatch, generally two-story houses, neat and comfortable. This has all come out of the tenant-right law which Gladstone put through five or six years ago. Before that time the Irish tenant had to

enact the part perpetually of a brokendown, ruined man. He was afraid to put on a new hat, lest the landlord should reproach him with prosperity and want to squeeze him harder. As soon as he got the protection of Gladstone's Tenant-right Bill, which made him a partial owner in the property he had improved, he began to put on respectable clothes, to build himself a respectable house and to be more of a man. My father-in-law, for example, lived on the estate of a nobleman, and he put up houses as a tenant, ditched and hedged and had extensive improvements. The first thing he knew, the landlord drew the whole of this into his park and paid him nothing whatever, and did not even say, 'Thank you.' Another case happened right under my nose in the same family. A man who had lived many years on a nobleman's estate and had spent a great deal of money there, thought he possessed an interest right, and he went to the landlord and said: 'I want to emigrate to America. Pay me what is right, or what you think right, for my improvements, and let me go.' To his astonishment, the landlord would not give him one cent, and claimed everything he had built. When the Gladstone Bill came into operation this man got £600 for his improvements, or \$3,000, which brought him out to America in very good style and started him afresh."

A CHOICE INVESTMENT MEDIUM.

THE EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY, the wisdom and practicability of whose policy has been tested by years of successful operation, has of late greatly increased in financial strength, its subscribed capital being now \$2,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is paid in cash. In addition to its regular farm mortgage business, new features are announced, notably its five-year debentures and its municipal bond department. The EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY confines its selection of securities for its loans solely to the rich farm-lands of the West, and upon these lands it never lends over forty per cent. of their actual value. The debentures of the Company are its own obligations, secured by farm mortgages taken in loans made by the Company, and deposited with the American Loan and Trust Company, of New York, in trust for the purchaser of the debentures, to secure the prompt payment by the EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY of the principal and interest. To this ample security is added the further guarantee of the Company's two million dollars capital. With such security the investor is safe, whether in times of prosperity or of financial depression; and while the average Eastern investment produces four per cent., the debentures of the EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY pay six per cent. semi-annually, without care or trouble on the part of the investor. Hence the obligations of this Company are in constant demand by trust institutions of the highest standing, as well as by trustees, ladies, guardians, religious societies, and, in short, conservative investors of every class, in all parts of the East.

FUN.

STATISTICS show that girls who work in a match factory do not get married any quicker than those who work at other places.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

HAS that tom-cat scratched my darling's face? Rub it, Freddy, with SALVATION OIL! The best remedy for pulmonary complaints is DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. Price 25 cents.

"I'm afraid I'm crowding you, sir," said a fat lady, as she partly sat on a meek little man in the corner of the car. "I don't mind it, ma'am," gasped the meek little man. "I live in a flat."—*New York Sun*.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOME.

It is probable that one-half of the entire globe is composed of free or combined oxygen. This gas occurs in a state of freedom in the atmosphere, of which it constitutes one-fifth part by volume. At every inspiration oxygen passes into the lungs, there meeting the blood, in which it is dissolved and carried into every part of the animal frame. It is what supplies the heat to the system. As a remedial agent in restoring impaired vitality its value is universally conceded by all branches of the medical profession. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., have found means by which this valuable and safe remedy for many of the ills from which humanity suffers can be supplied to patients at their homes. Compound Oxygen, as prepared by them, has already effected thousands of cures, as their testimonials, printed in a pamphlet sent to any address, free of postage, amply proves.

WIFE (one day after marriage).—"No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it." Same Wife (one year after marriage).—"I took twenty dollars from your pocket-book last night, John."

A FAMILY JEWEL.

DOCTOR DAVID KENNEDY, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondout, N. Y., has issued his new Medical Treatise, a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of great beauty. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one inclosing this notice, with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with 2-cent postage-stamp, will receive the book free by mail.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, the great English physician, says of RUBINAT-CONDAL, the newly imported Spanish Purgative Mineral Water, that "it is the best which exists, and superior to any analogous purgative." It has been called in this country "The King of Cathartic Waters," and it is said that phenomenal results have been obtained from its employment. The agents have received some four octavo pages of medical indorsements of the strongest character from eminent American and English physicians. It is claimed that one wine-glassful will relieve headache, and that it is of the greatest utility in the treatment of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and all forms of Skin Diseases, Gout and Rheumatism. The *London Hospital Gazette* predicts for it "an enormous sale as soon as its merits become known." The agents for this country are THE RUBINAT COMPANY, No. 80 Beaver Street, New York.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY DISCOVERY.

PROF. LOISETTE's new system of memory-training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn., etc. Such patronage, and the indorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Prof. Loissette upon the highest ground.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A FAMOUS physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

NINE years' additional experience with my Mineral Plate serves only to increase my appreciation and admiration of your wonderful improvement in dentistry. You will probably remember that at the time of taking my impression the bony structure in the alveolar ridge had been so completely destroyed by my rubber plate that the remaining tissue was so soft and flexible that it was with the greatest difficulty, after three attempts, that you succeeded in obtaining an impression that would barely answer. But, strange and remarkable as it may appear, within one year after the insertion of your Mineral Plate, there was a complete reproduction of bone at the points where absorption had been going on for so many years from the heating and poisoning effects of the rubber plate. This statement is made because the writer is convinced from his own happy experience that unmeasured comfort and health, and consequent prolongation of life, would be the boon afforded by the use of Mineral Plates to those unfortunates who are obliged to resort to the use of artificial teeth.

WM. M. PRATT, M.D.

151 East 58th St., New York, Oct. 8th, 1887.

In this specialty, DR. WILLIAM E. DUNN, of 331 Lexington Avenue, has during the last thirty years put in use 6,000 plates, giving to his patrons entire satisfaction. The improvements he has made within the past two years place it in a position still farther above all other kinds of Dentistry.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglass of ANGIOTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

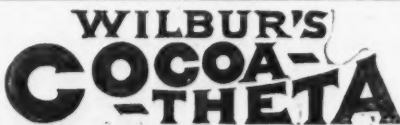
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, 25c. a vial, by druggists.



The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Golden Hair Wash
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 300 N. 7th St., N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness. 50 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



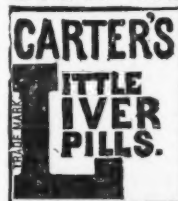
ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

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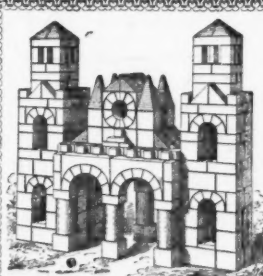
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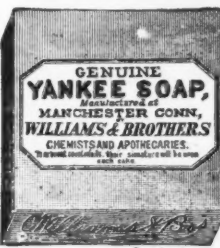
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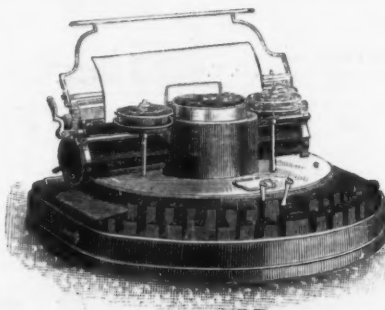
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